



HUMOR

COMICS 10



AUTUMN ISSUE
No. 3



HE'S NEW!
HE'S FRESH!
HE'S FUNNY!

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BE A REAL COMMANDO!



**LOOK FELLAS—HERE'S A GUN
YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN!**

**RAT
TAT
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ALL METAL

Stock and mechanism. Tough and dependable!

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**WHILE
THEY
LAST!**

**HARMLESS!
BUT—**

**LOOKS
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LIKE A REAL
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**USED BY U.S.
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IT'S A BARREL OF FUN!

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This is not a cheaply constructed toy, but a strong, durable mechanism made entirely of sturdy steel, and painted a real "GI" service green.

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2250 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.
YES! I am enclosing \$1.49. Rush my Commando Submachine Gun quick. I understand I may examine it for 5 days. If not satisfied in every way, you'll refund my full price of \$1.49.
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Yes sirree, Fellows. Here is a gun that any young Commando will be proud to own . . . and you should hear it "fire." It looks and sounds just like a real Submachine gun. You'll be the envy of every fellow in the neighborhood . . . and with a gun that shoots as fast as this one does, you'll always be on the winning side.

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When our present stock is exhausted, there will be no more Commando Submachine Guns of this quality at this amazing low price of only \$1.49. So hurry, Fellows, send for yours today . . . now. Examine it for five days. If you don't say it's the greatest bargain you've ever seen, send it back and have every penny of your money returned. Mail coupon today!

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FORMAL BRACELET

of simulated pink gold for the really big dates in your life



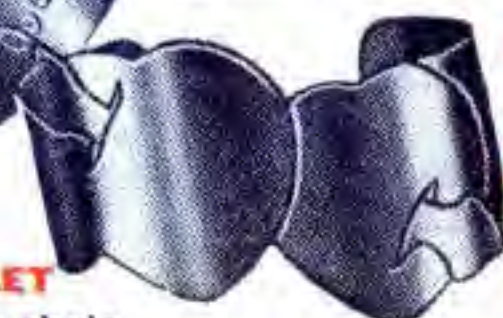
AUTOGRAPH BRACELET

Let your friends engrave their names with a nail file



SWEETHEART BRACELET

For your romantic moods

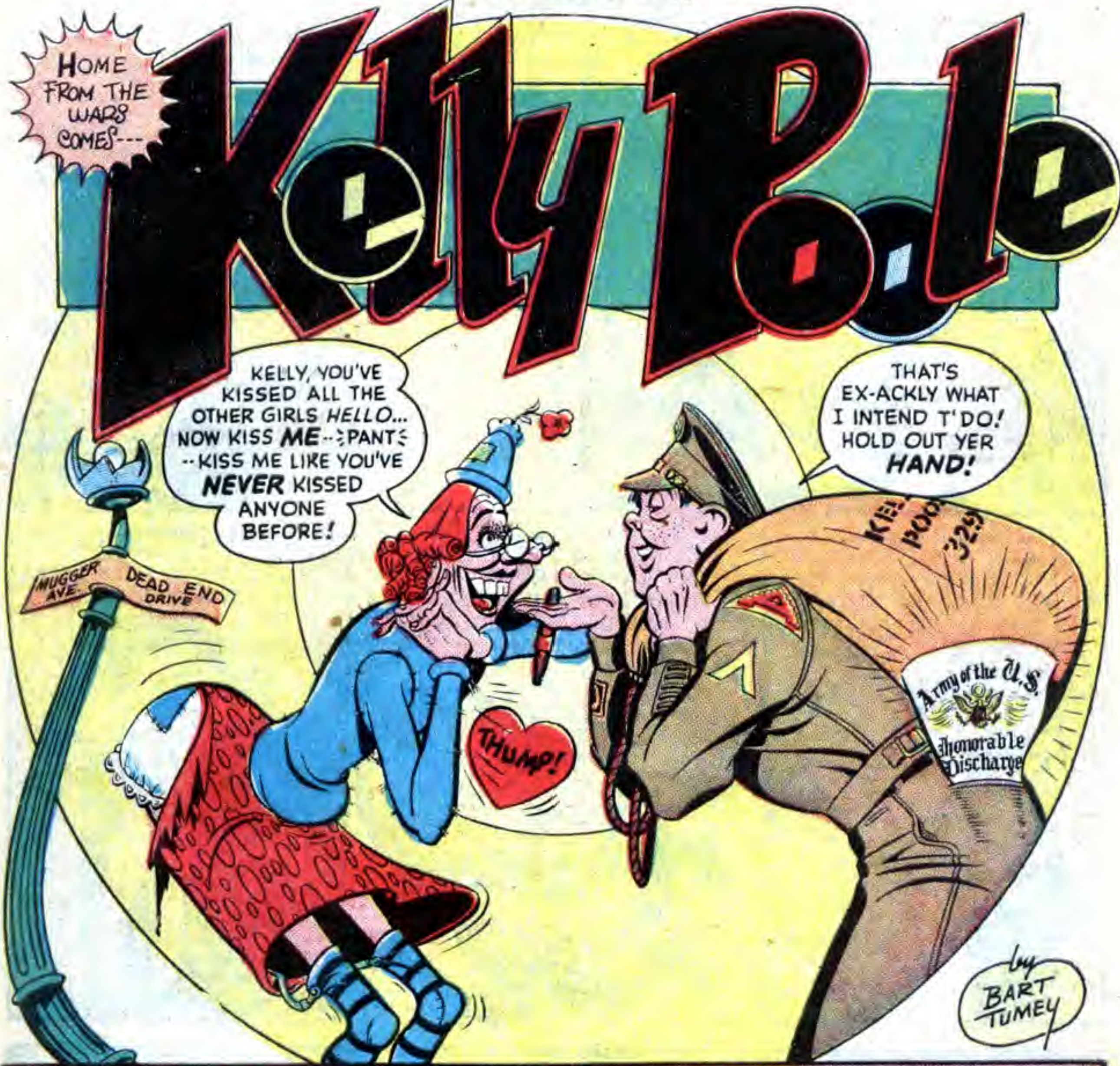


**YOU'LL BE
THE ENVY OF
THE TOWN!**

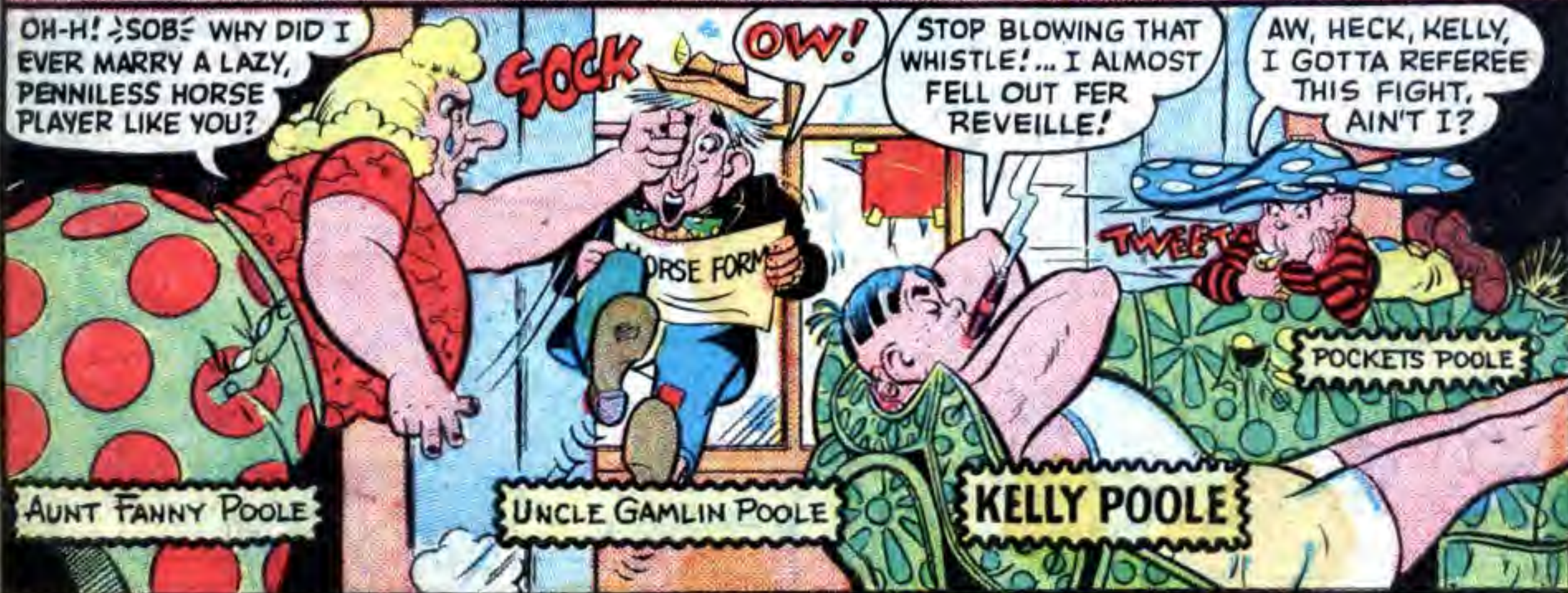
**ALL 3
FOR ONLY
\$1.25**

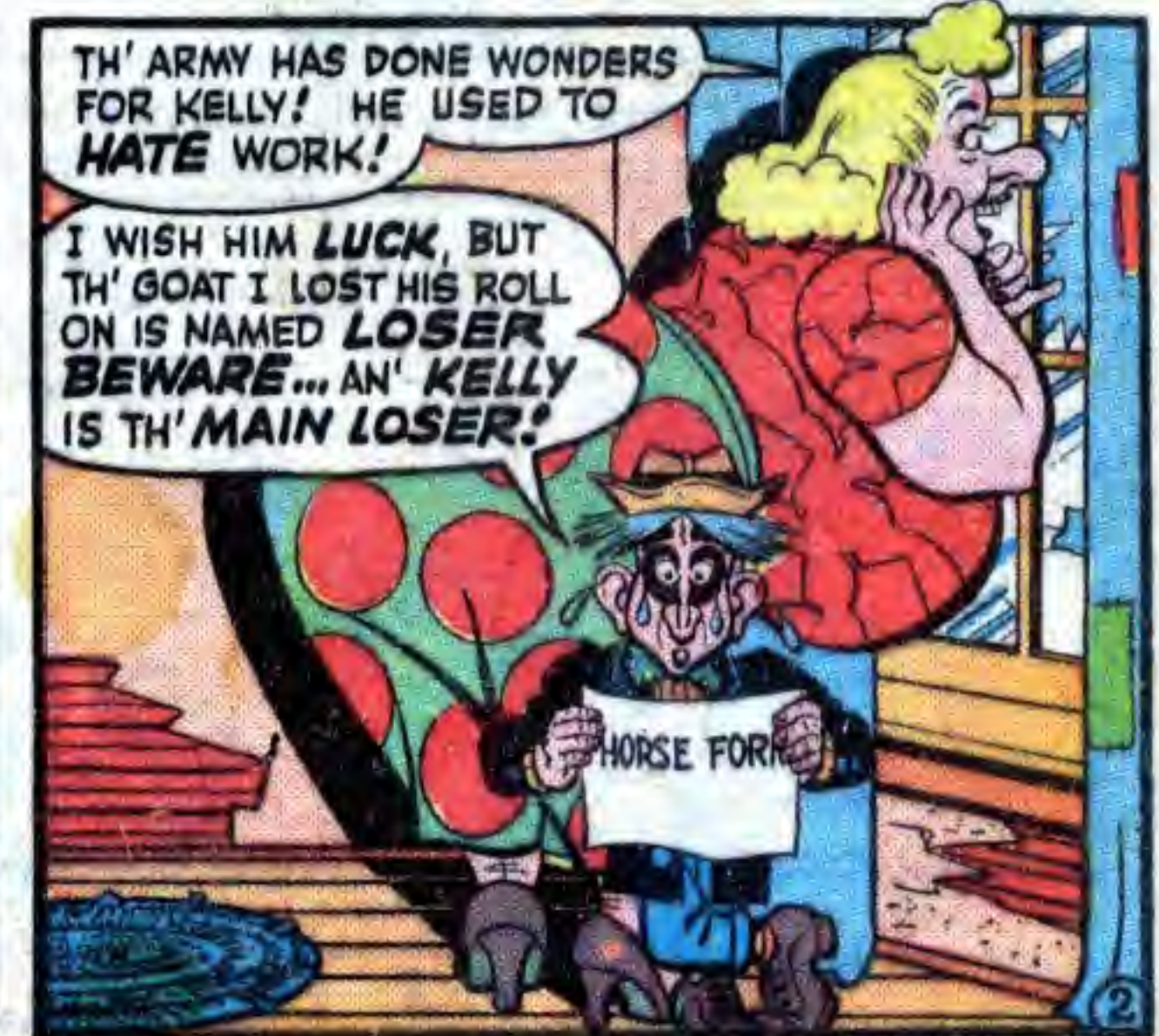
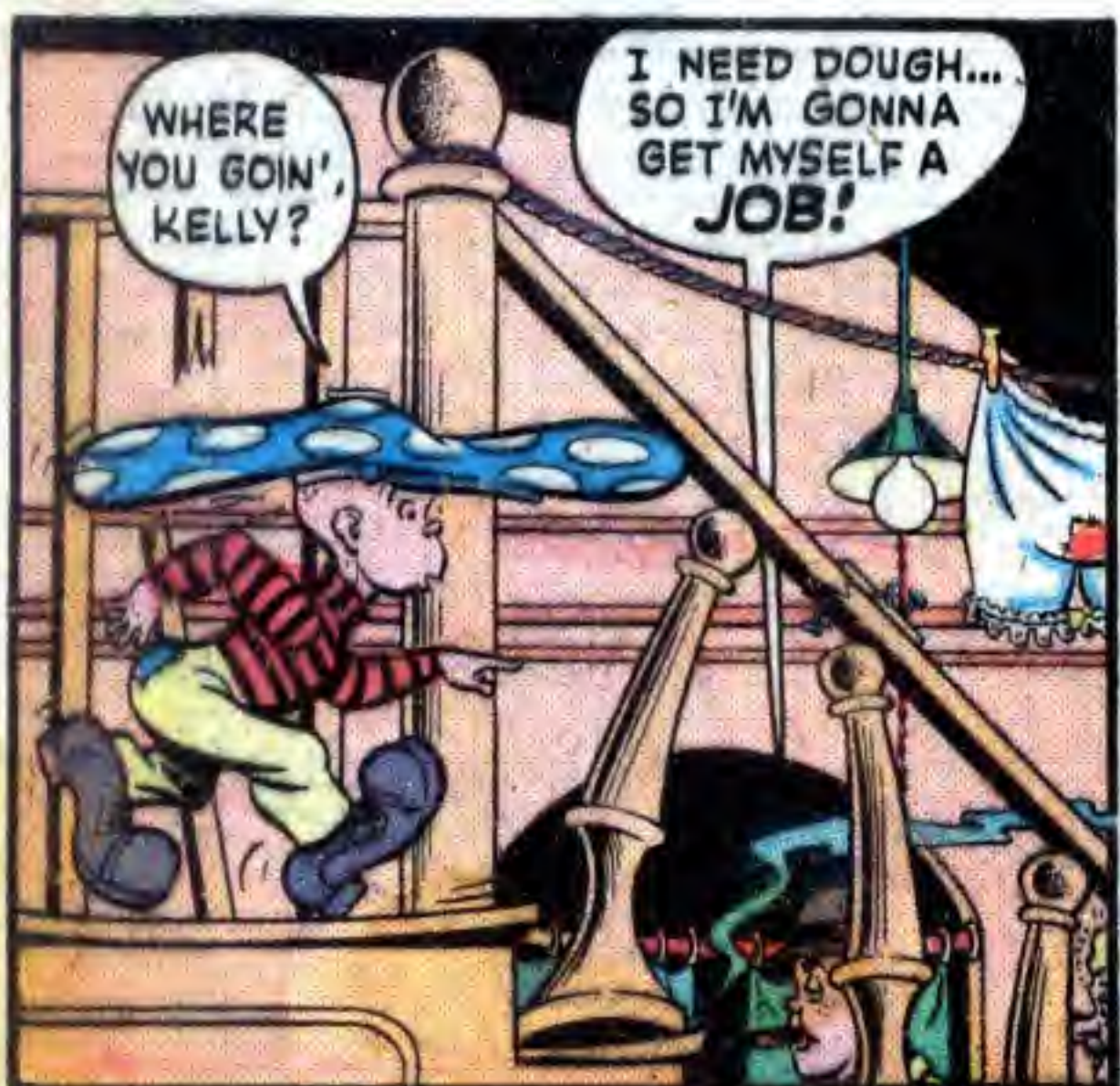
POSTPAID
MAIL COUPON!

THE BRACELET LADY, Dept. 10, 2250 N. KEATING AVE., CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

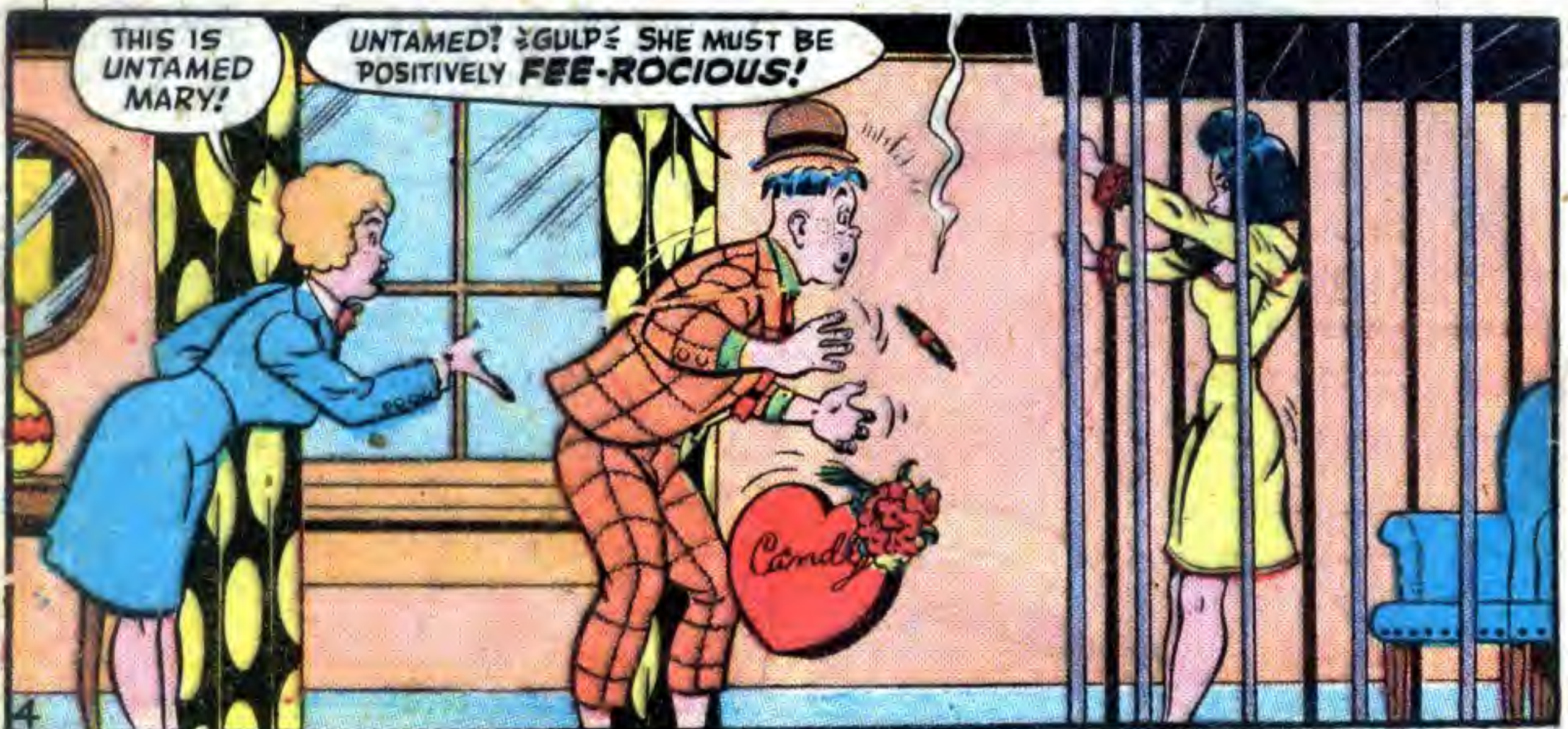


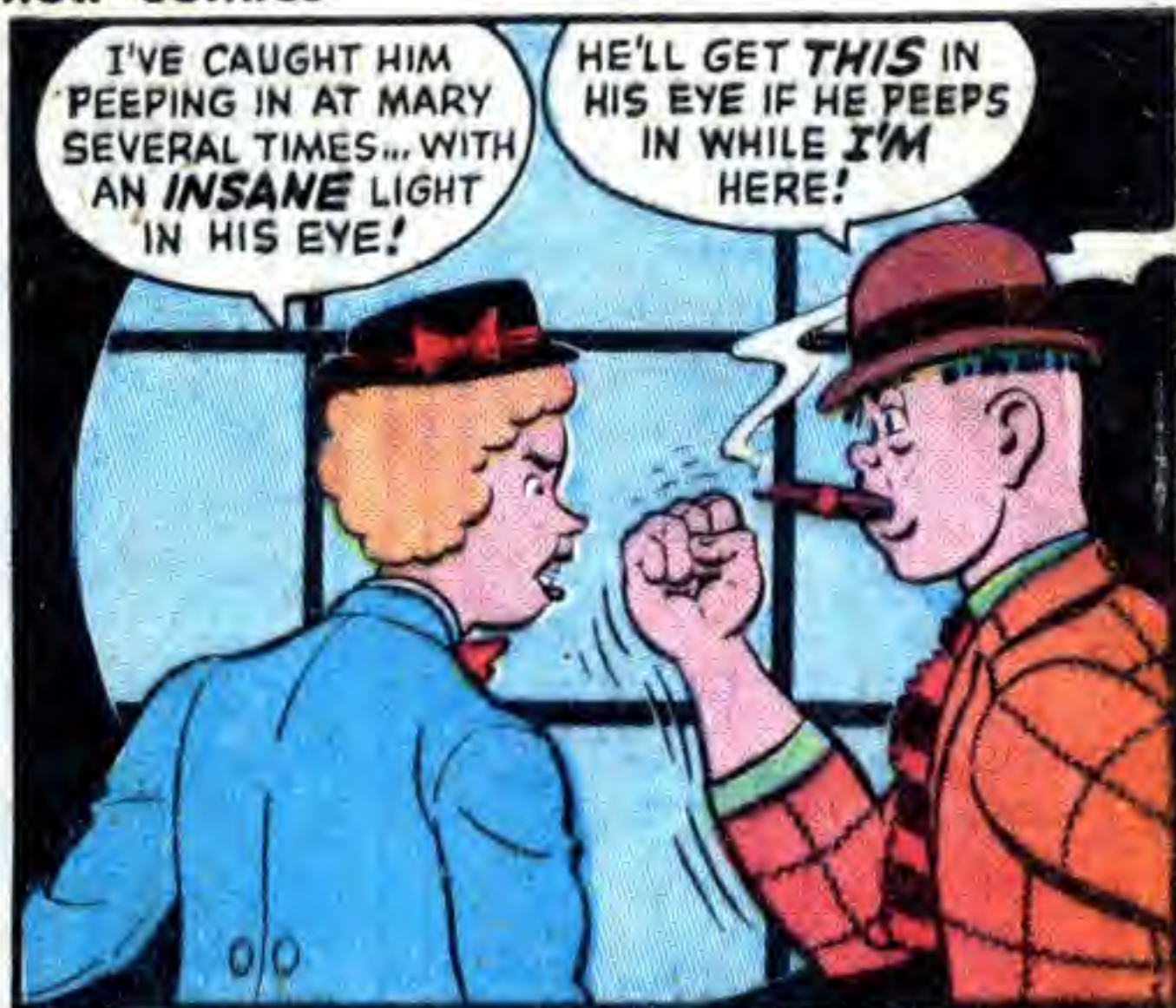
While Kelly is enjoying a well earned rest in the quiet dignity of the Poole town house, we wish to introduce formally the members of this distinguished household....

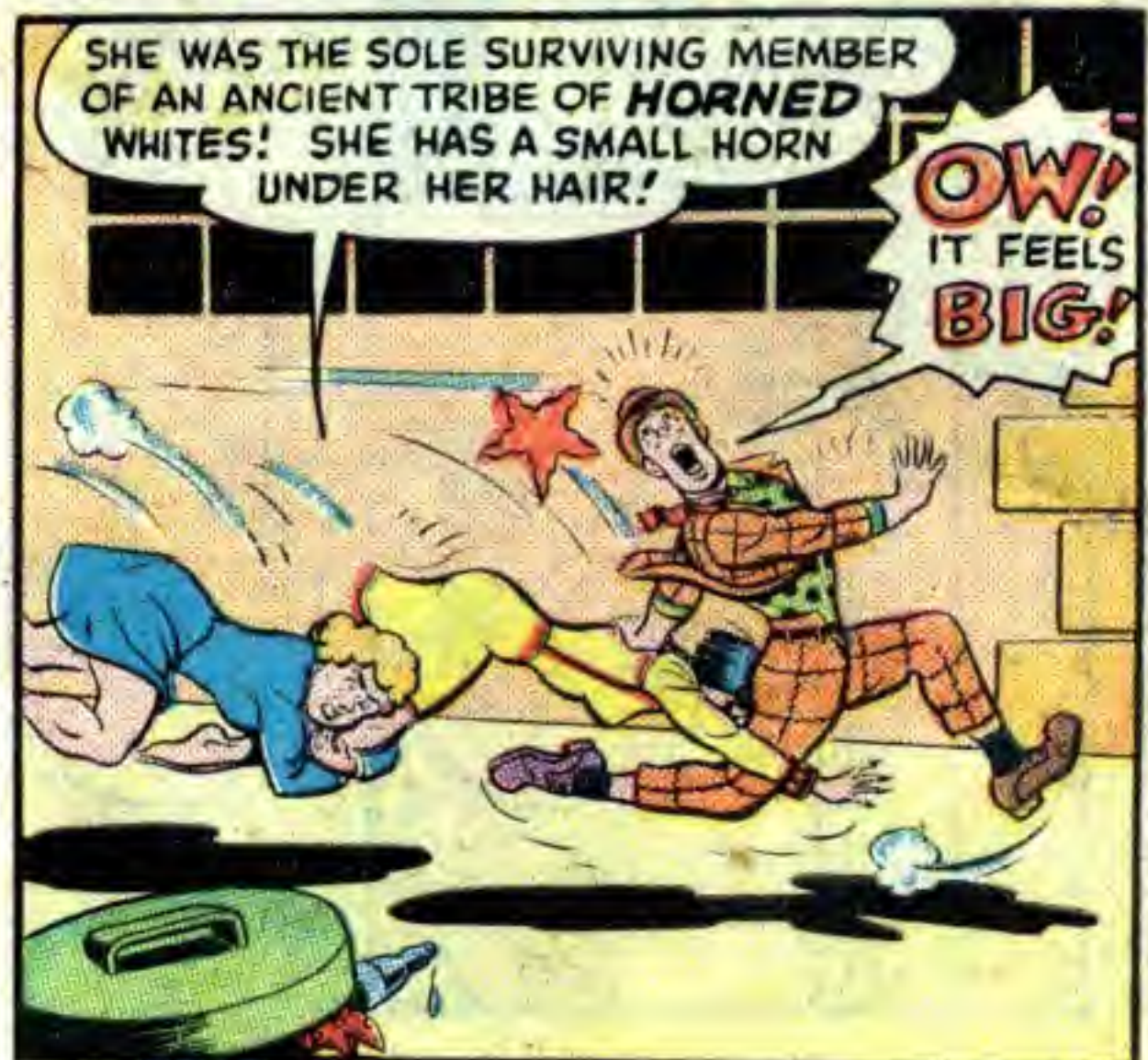
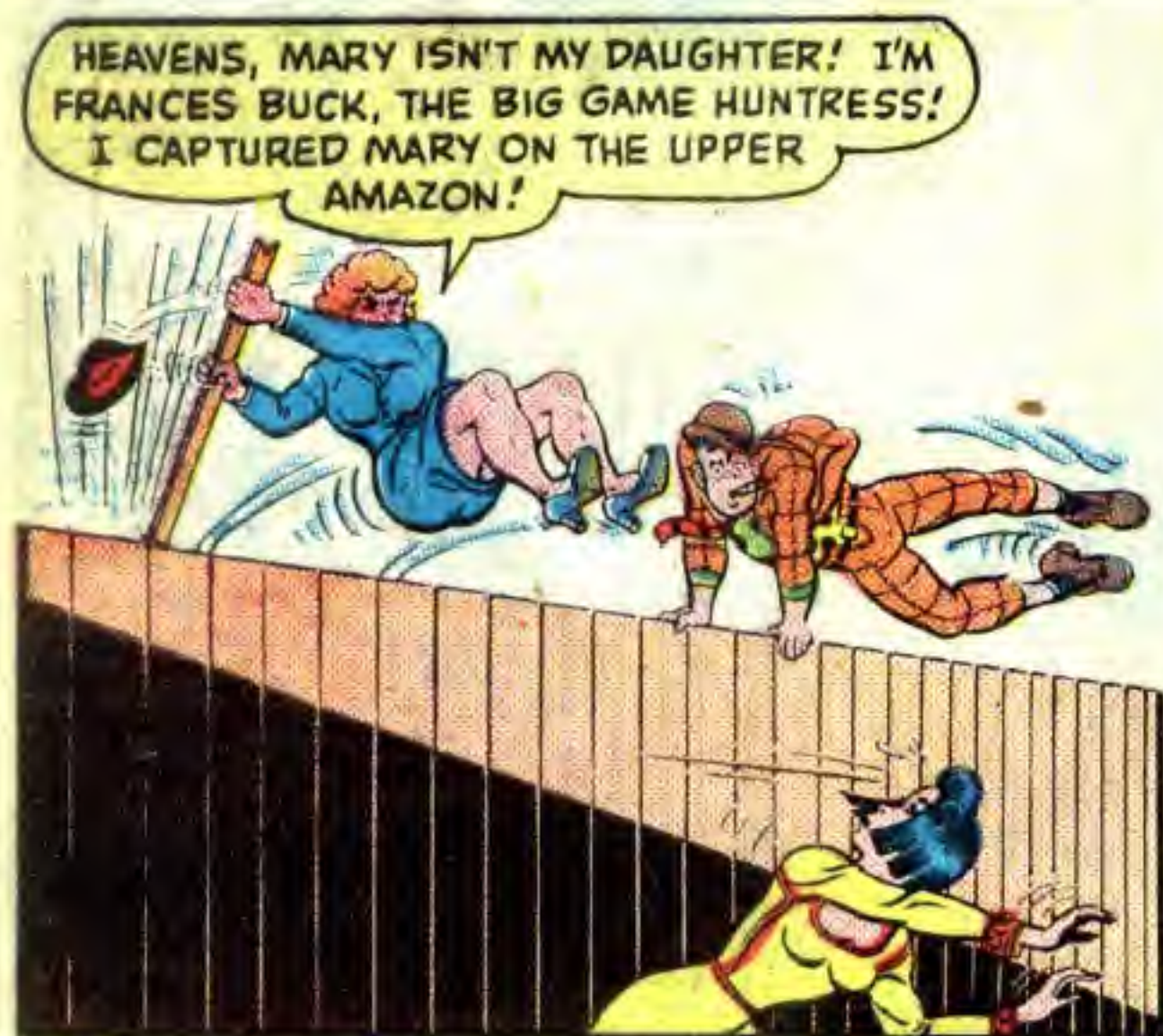


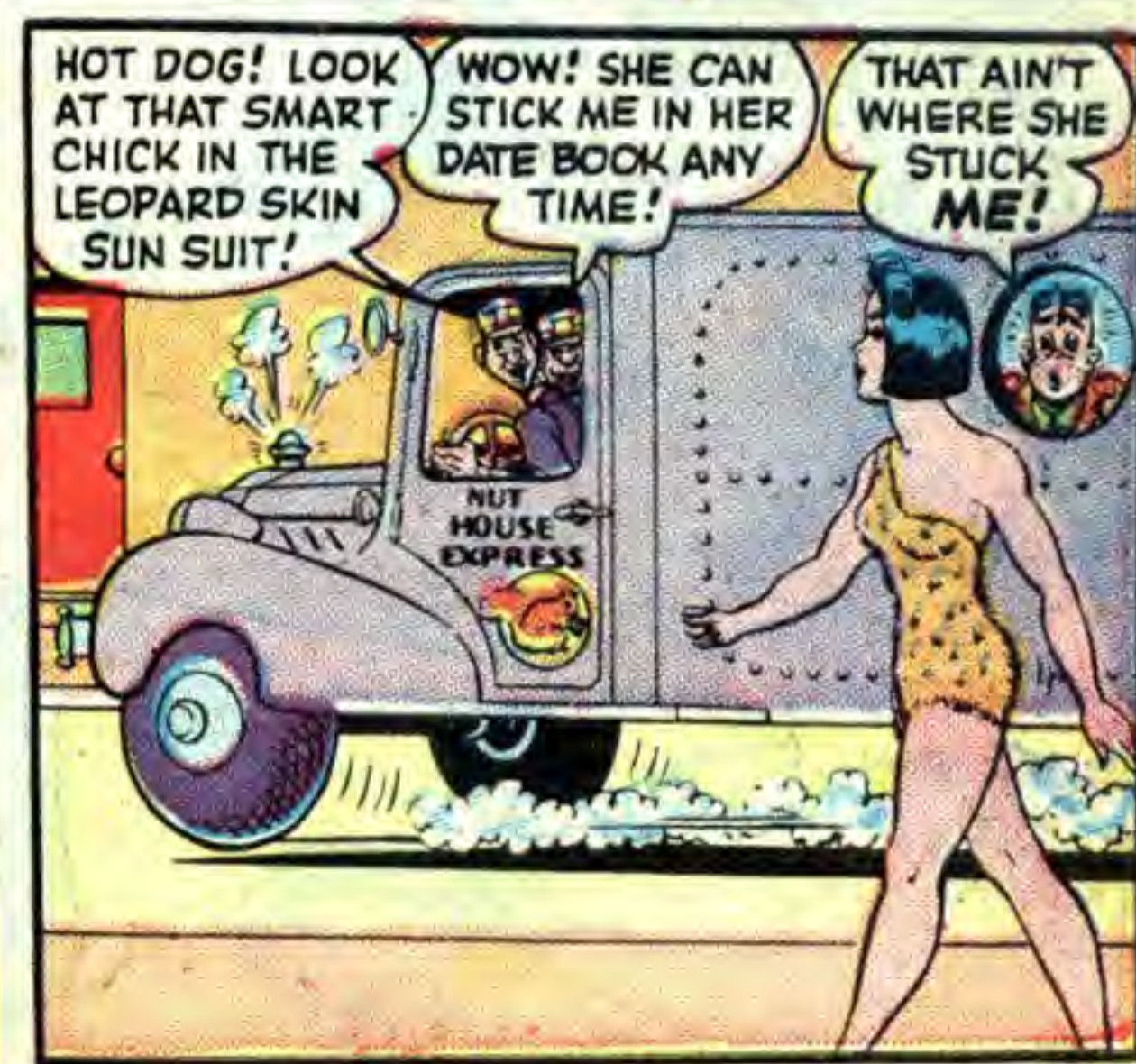


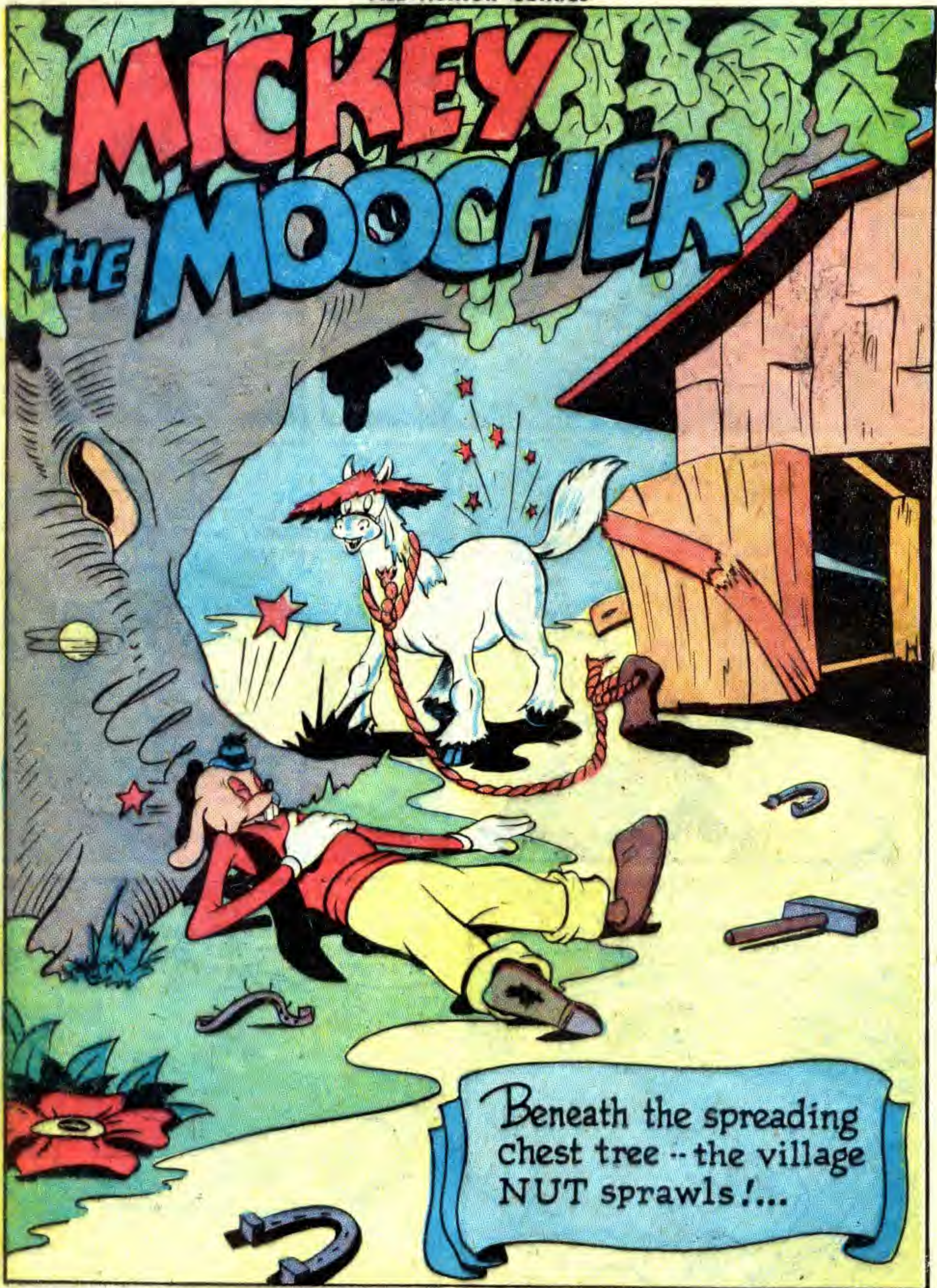












Beneath the spreading
chest tree -- the village
NUT sprawls!...





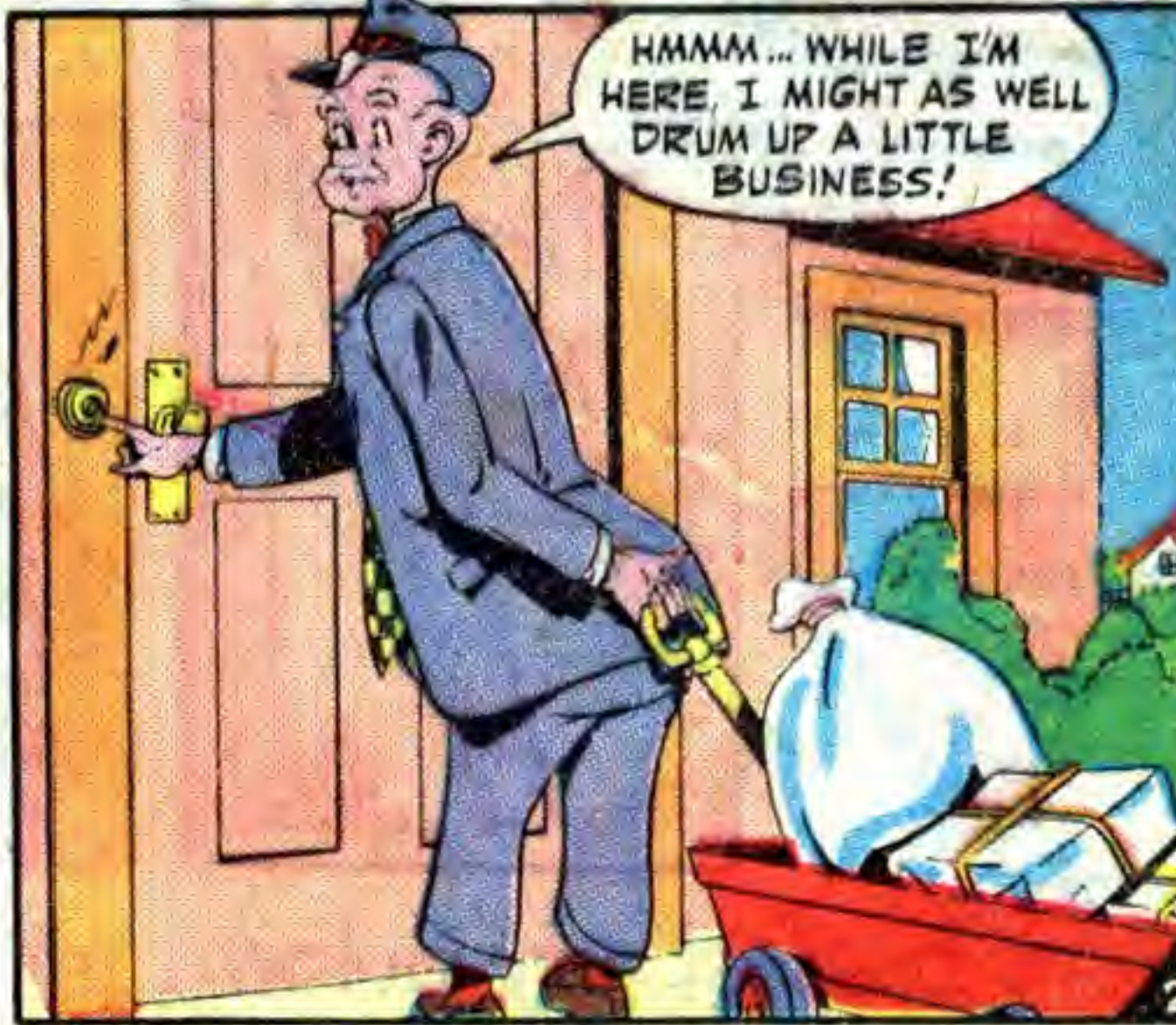
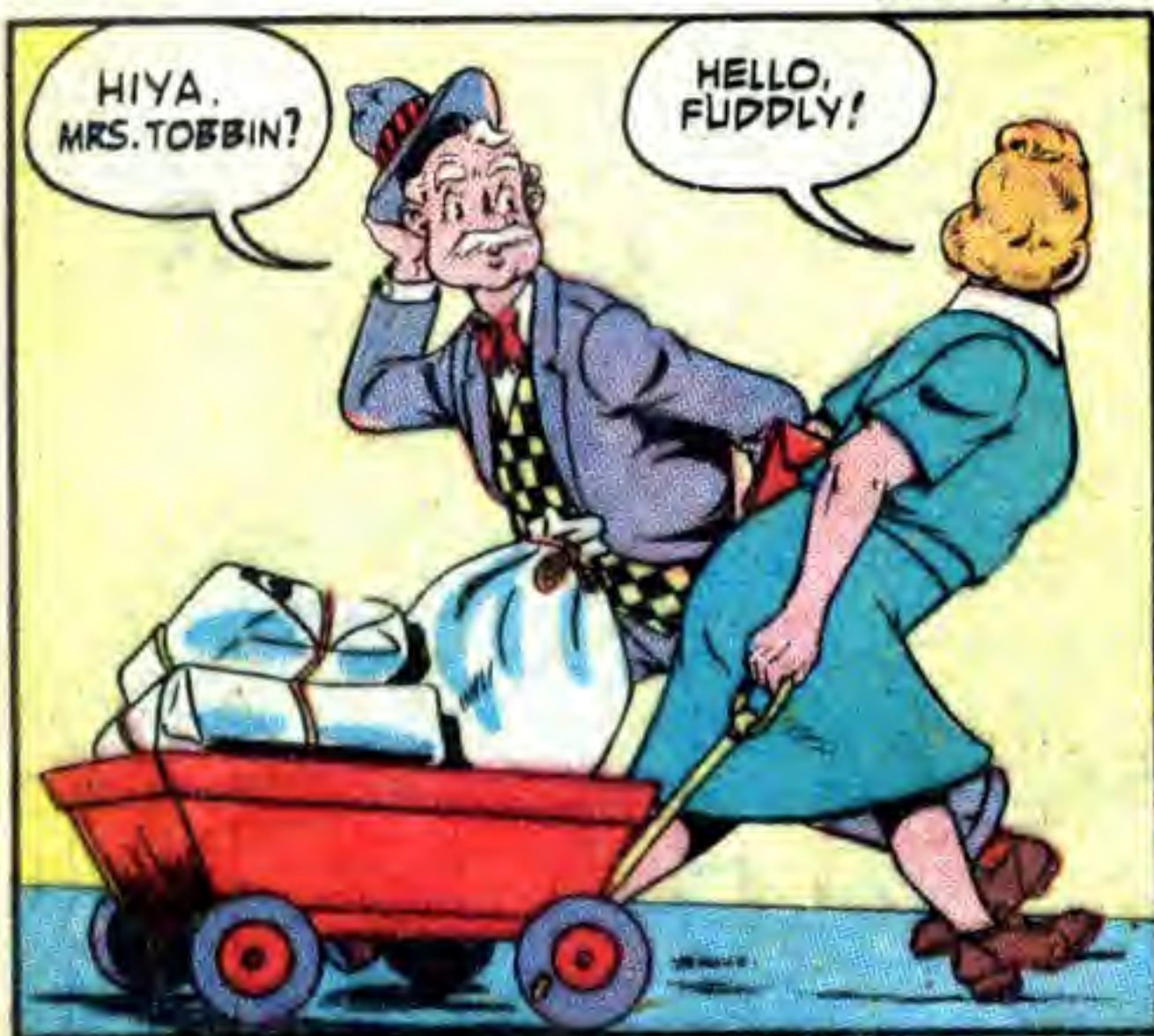


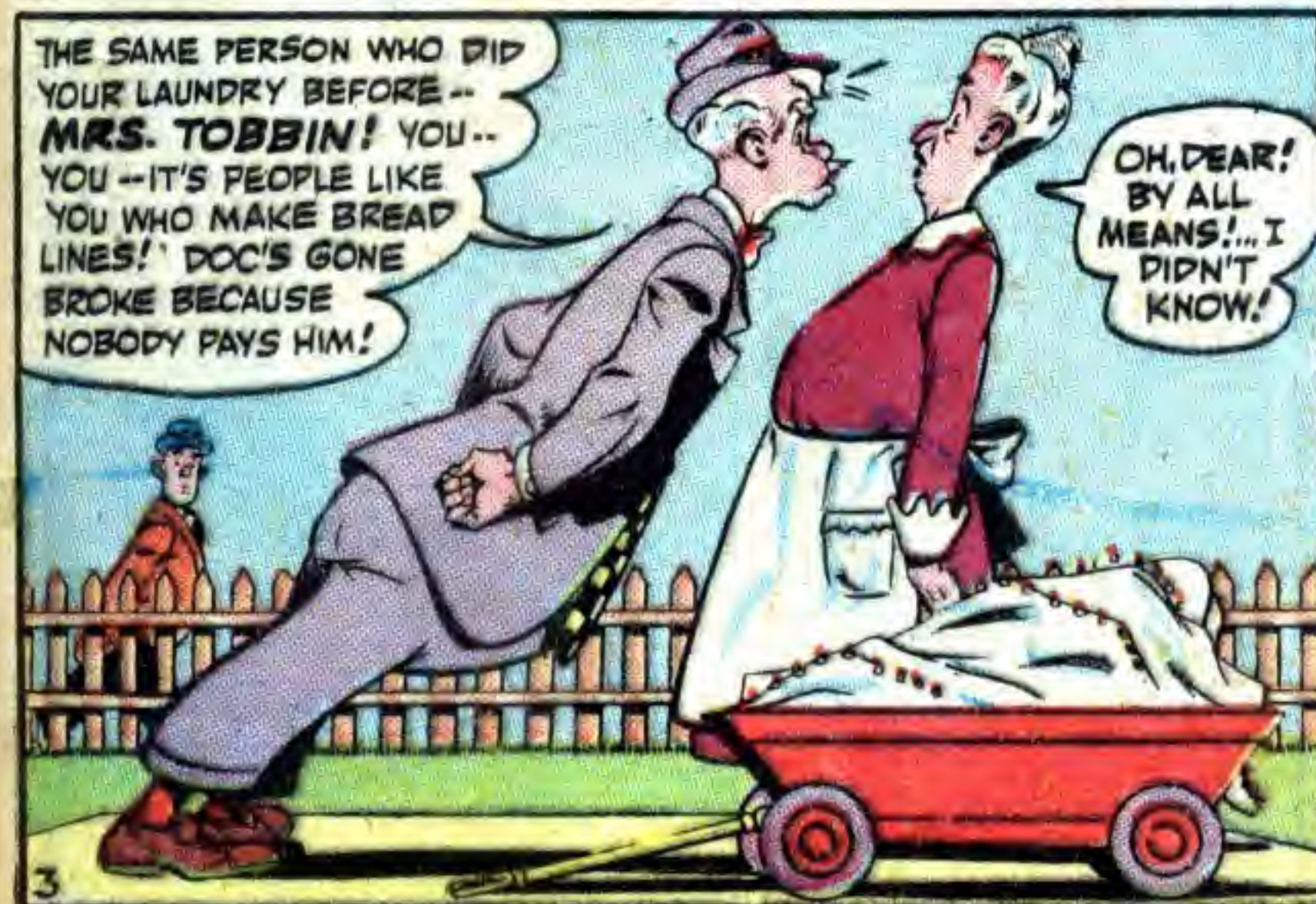
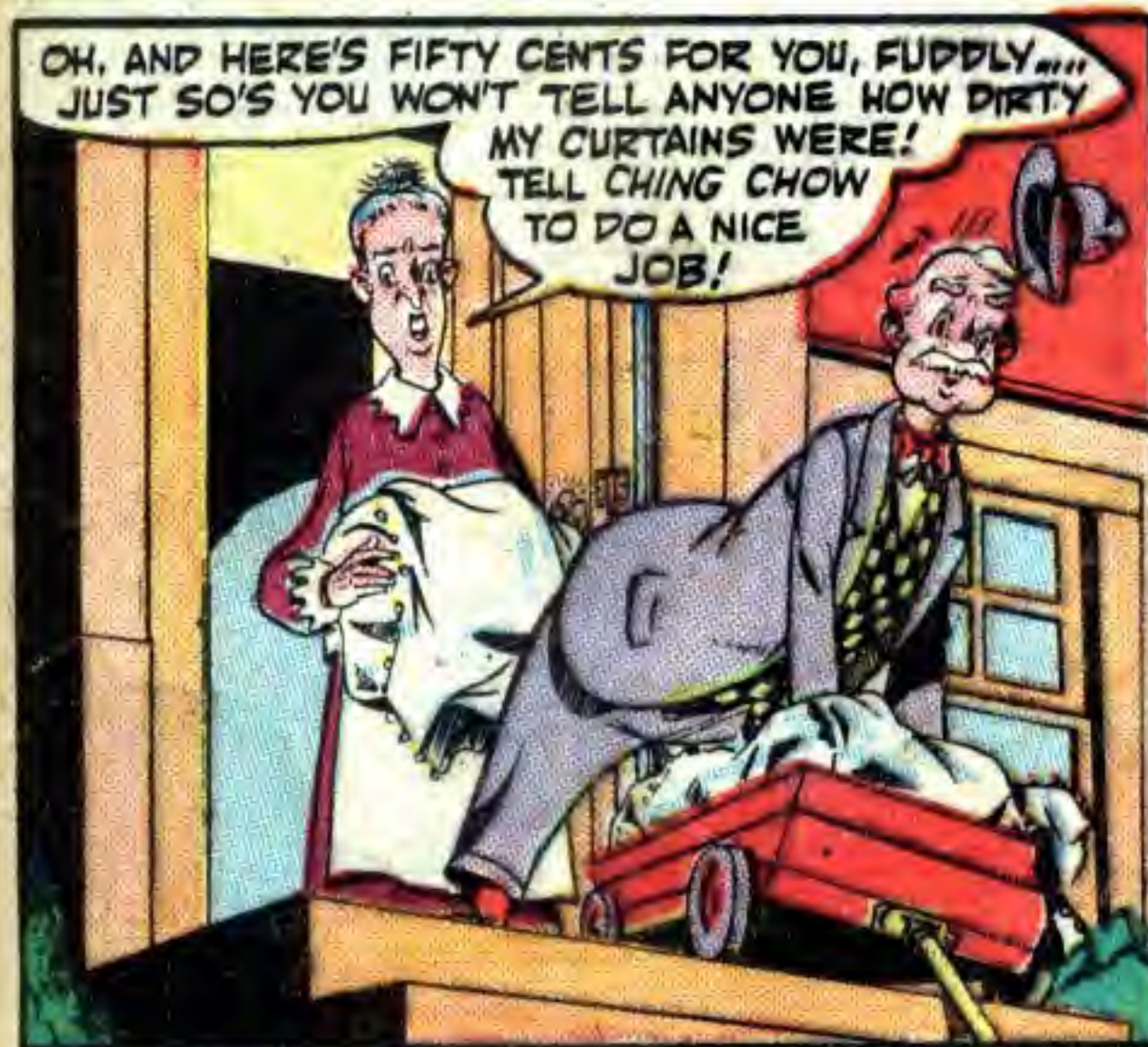


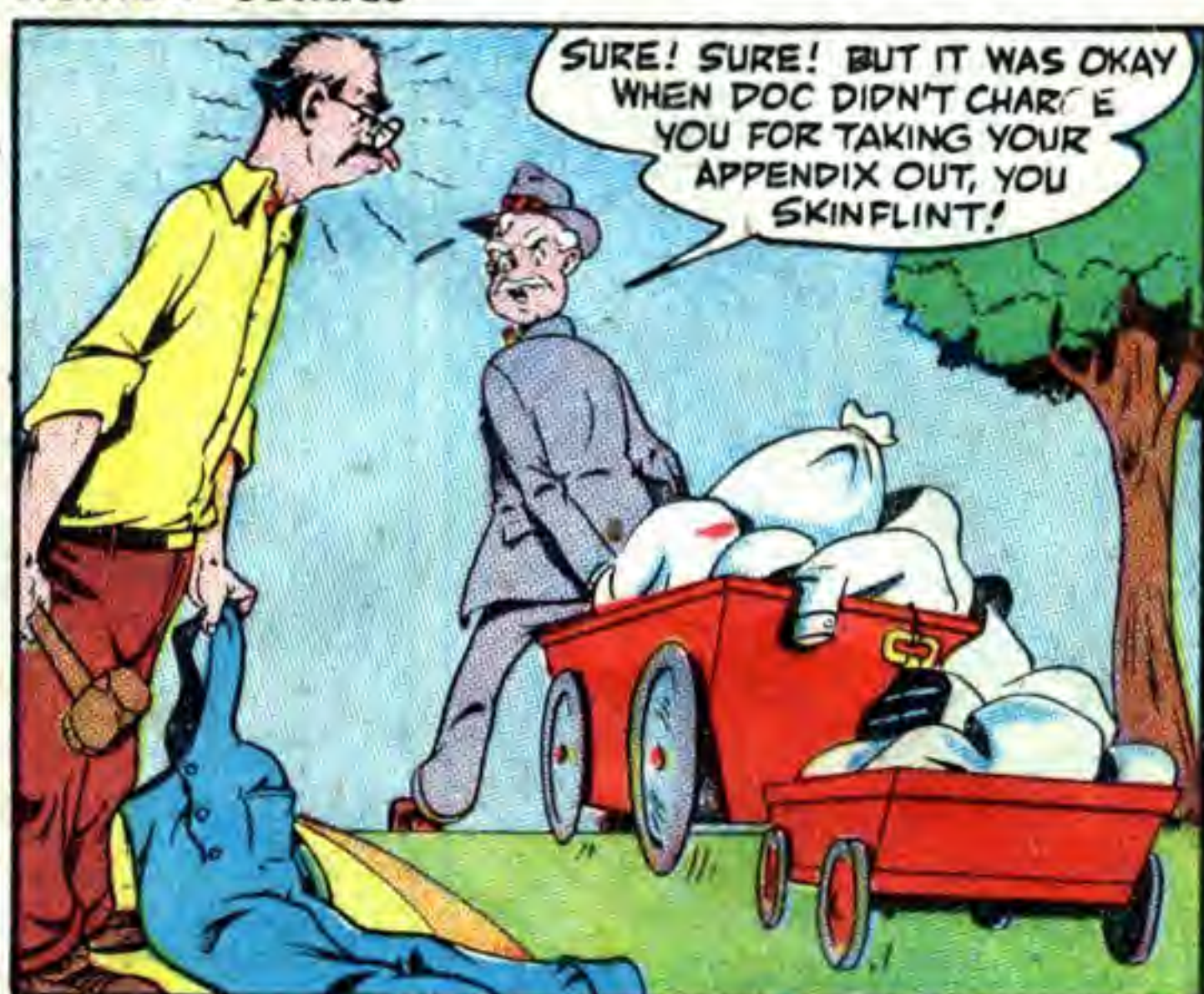
ELMER FUDGY



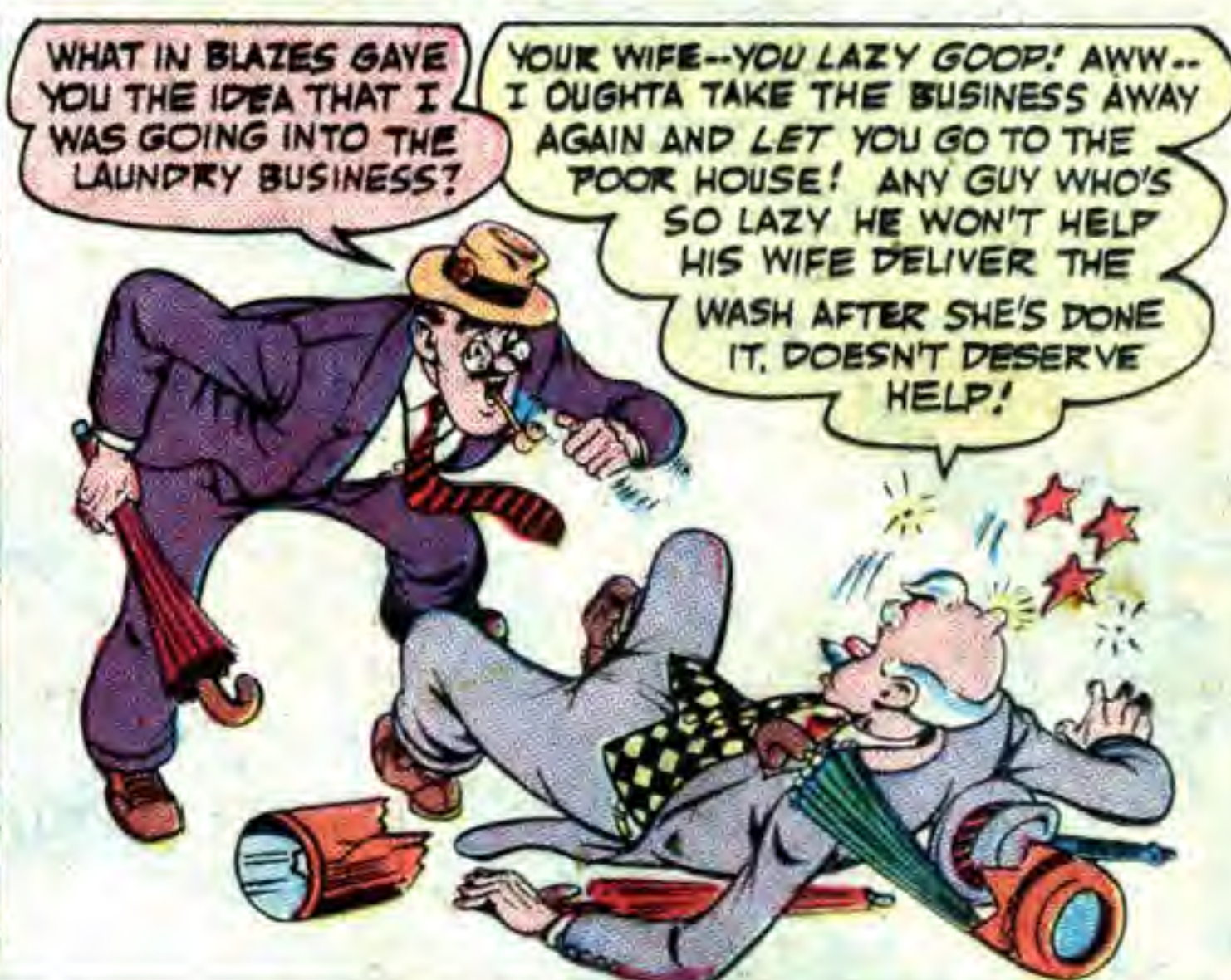
The busiest guy in town minding everybody else's business!







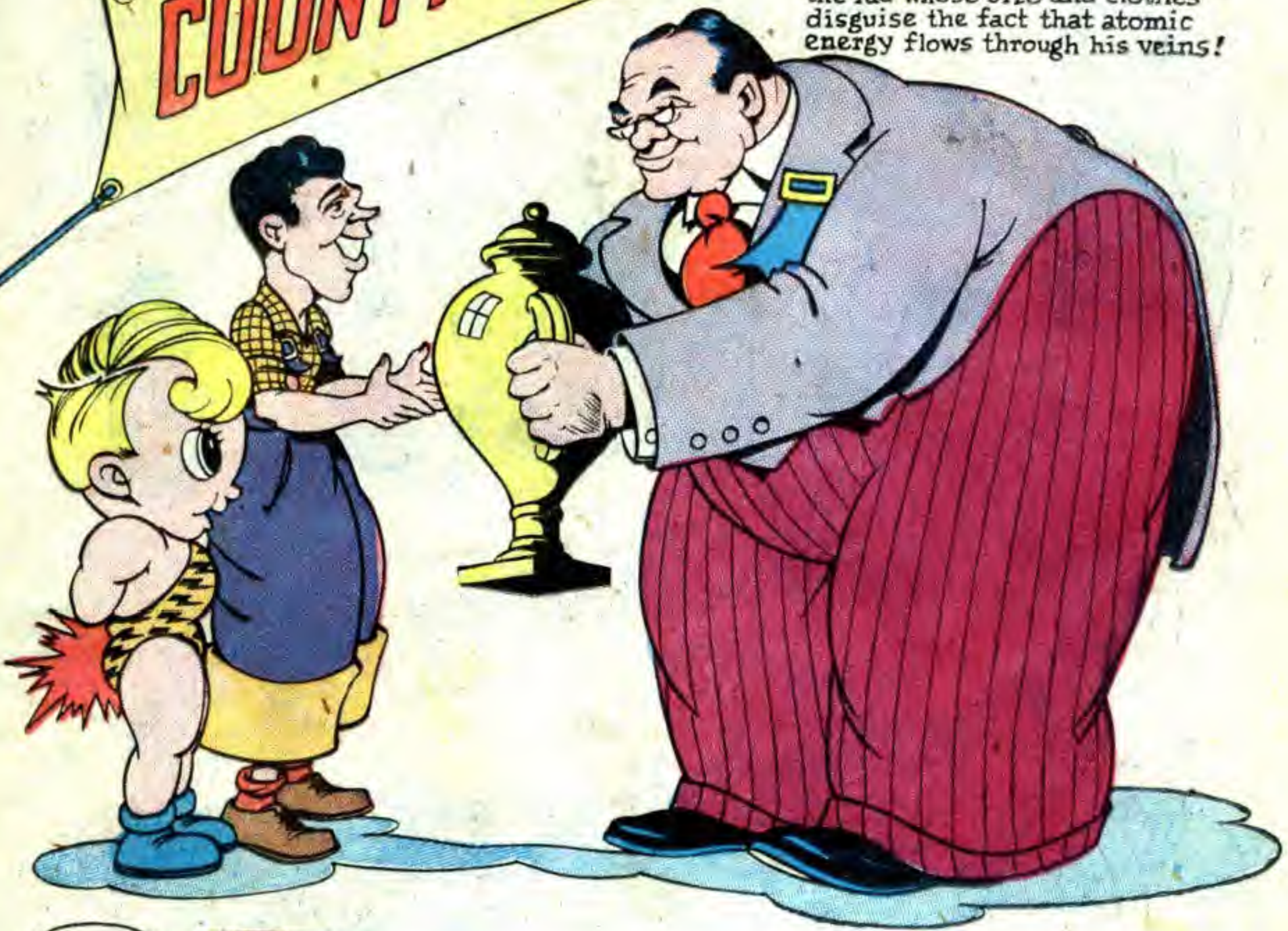




ATOMICTOT

COUNTY FAIR

Another adventure with Tom Tot, the lad whose size and clothes disguise the fact that atomic energy flows through his veins!



IT'S A FIFTY MILE ROAD RACE FROM THE FAIRGROUNDS TO STONE BRIDGE AND BACK! HOW ABOUT RIDING WITH ME? YOU CAN BE MY CO-PILOT AND ALL OF THE CONTESTANTS GET EVERYTHING ON THE MIDWAY FREE!

I WANT THAT MONEY FOR AN ENGINEERING COURSE AT STATE AFTER I GRADUATE NEXT YEAR!...

OH! OH! THERE'S BUTCH BAKER AND BUGLE BLOZE...THEY'RE ENTERED IN THE DERBY...AND UP TO SOMETHING TRICKY, AS USUAL!

ANNUAL JOLOPPY DERBY

DIS IS IN DE BAG, BUTTERCUP! WHY DON'T Y'QUIT NOW!

STOW THE OIL, BUTCH... YOU'LL NEED IT!

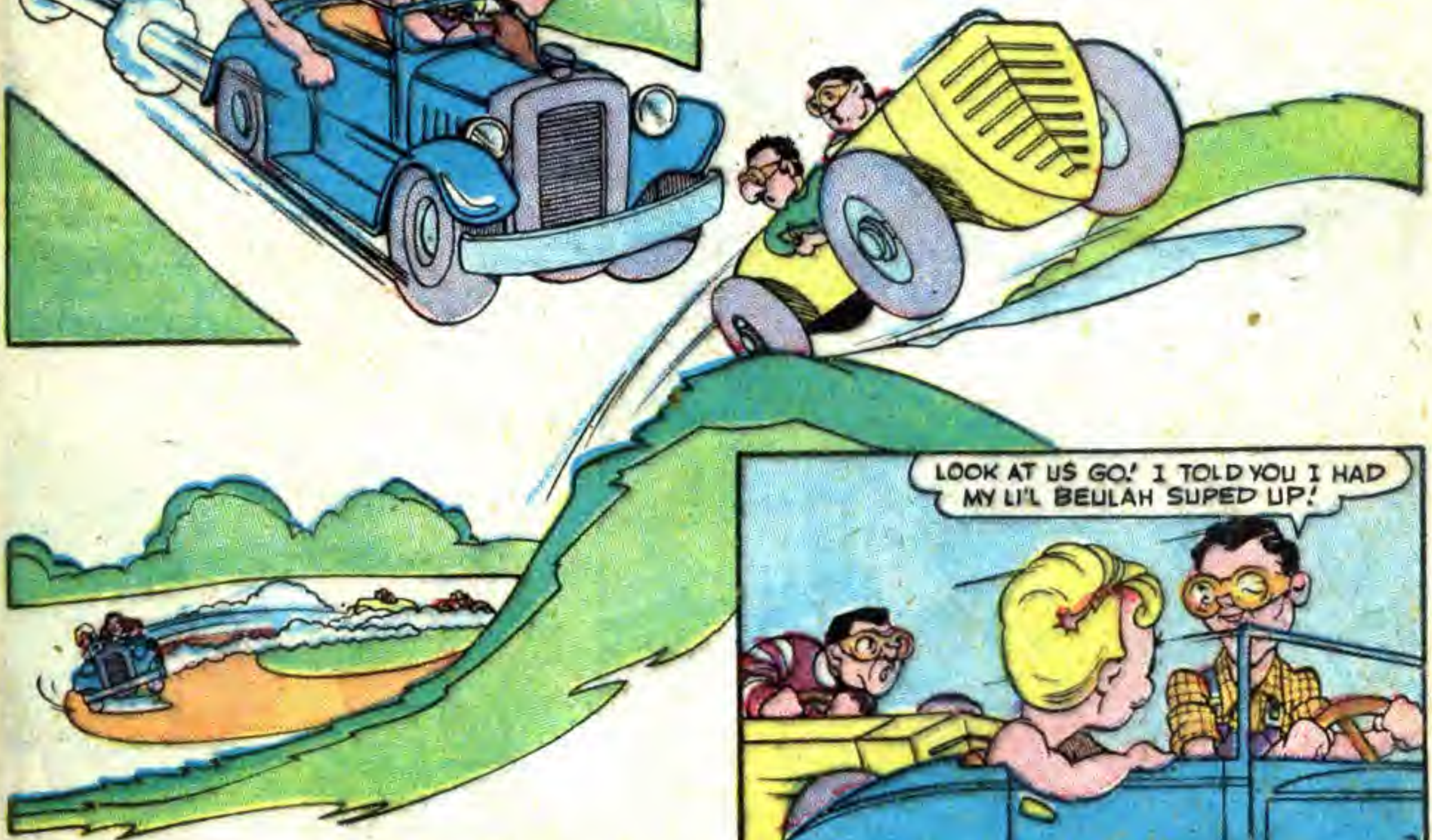
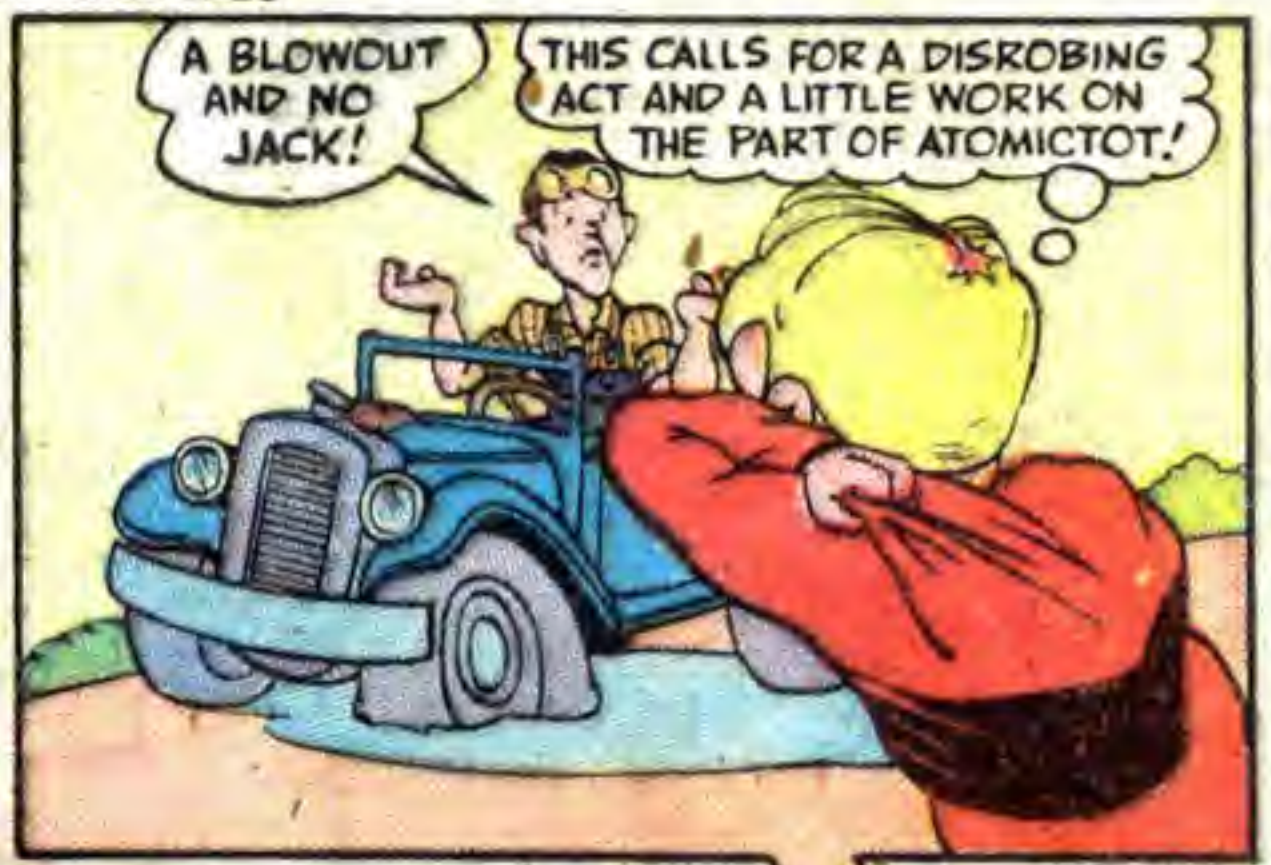
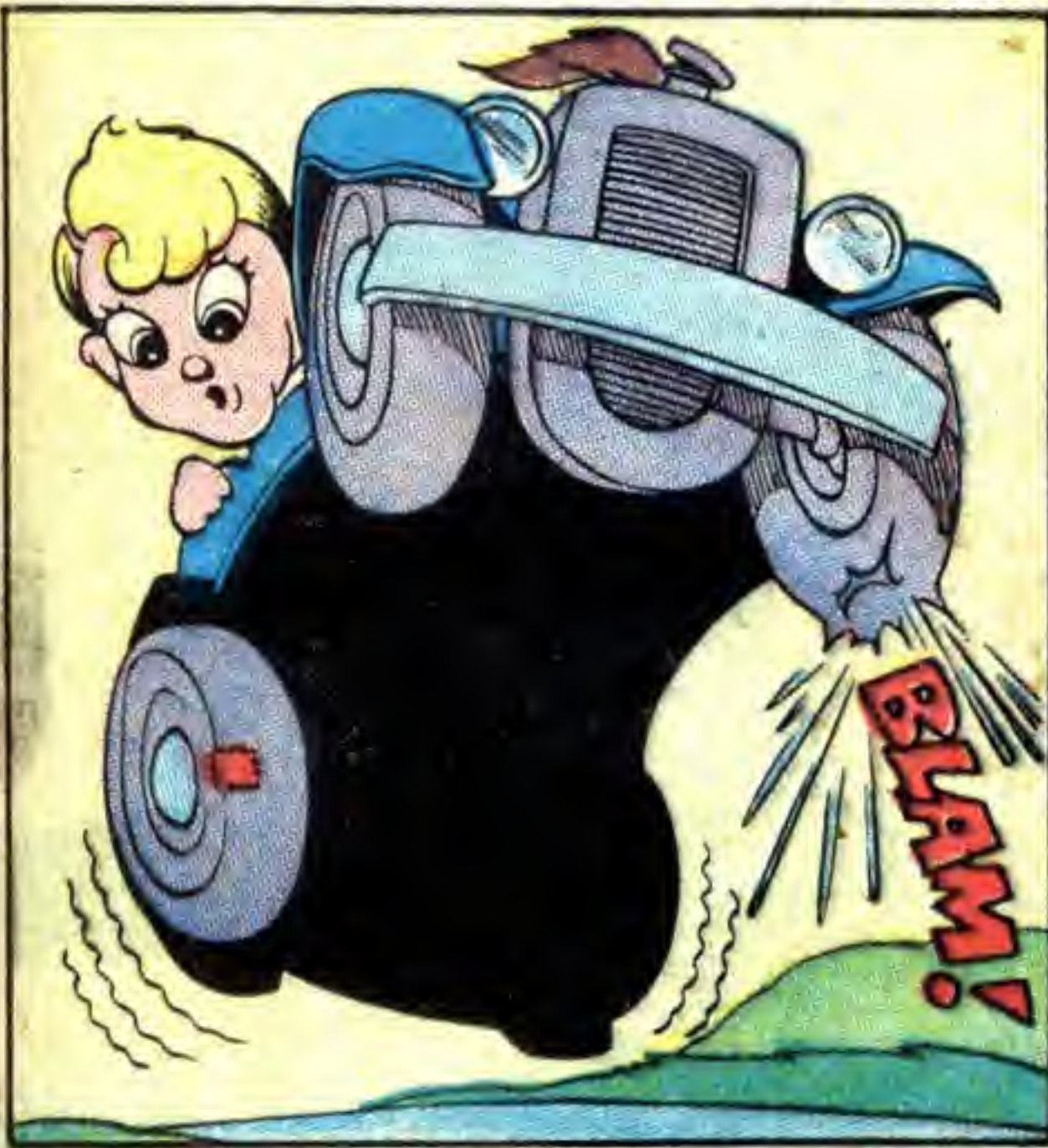
HOW DID BUTCH EVER GET THAT CRATE ENTERED IN THE JOLOPPY RACE?

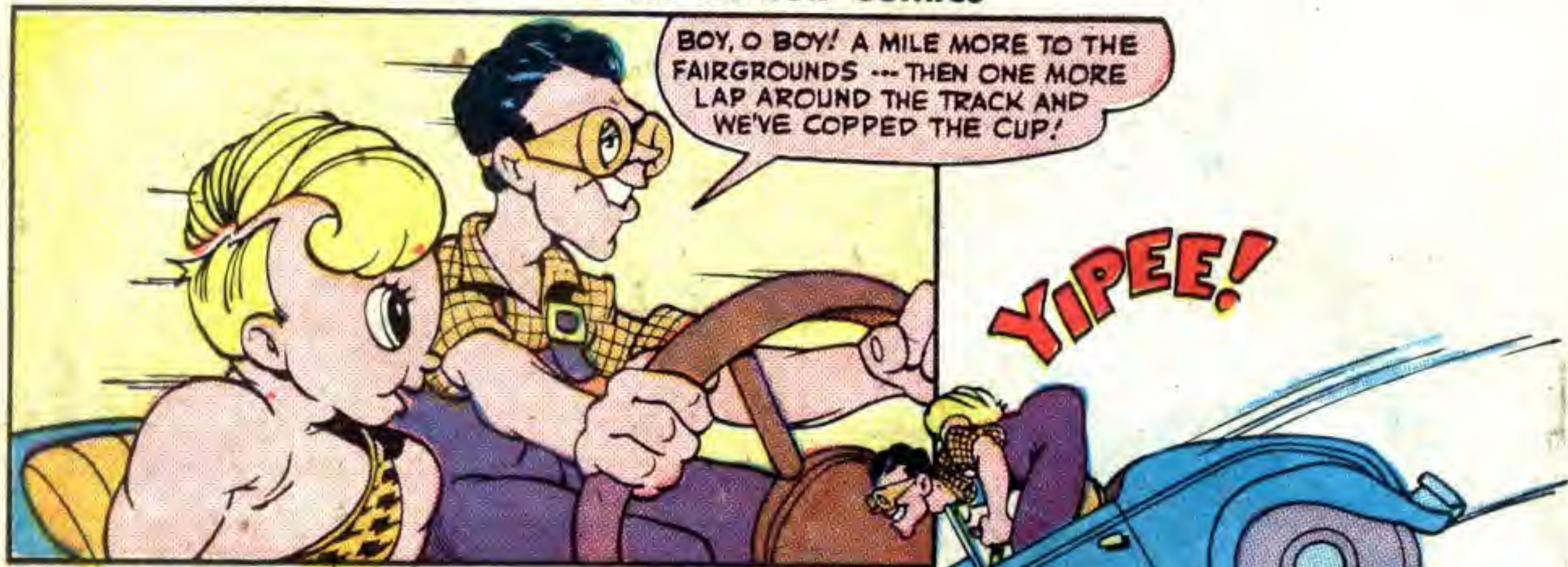
Derby Day at the County Fair...

THEY'RE OFF!

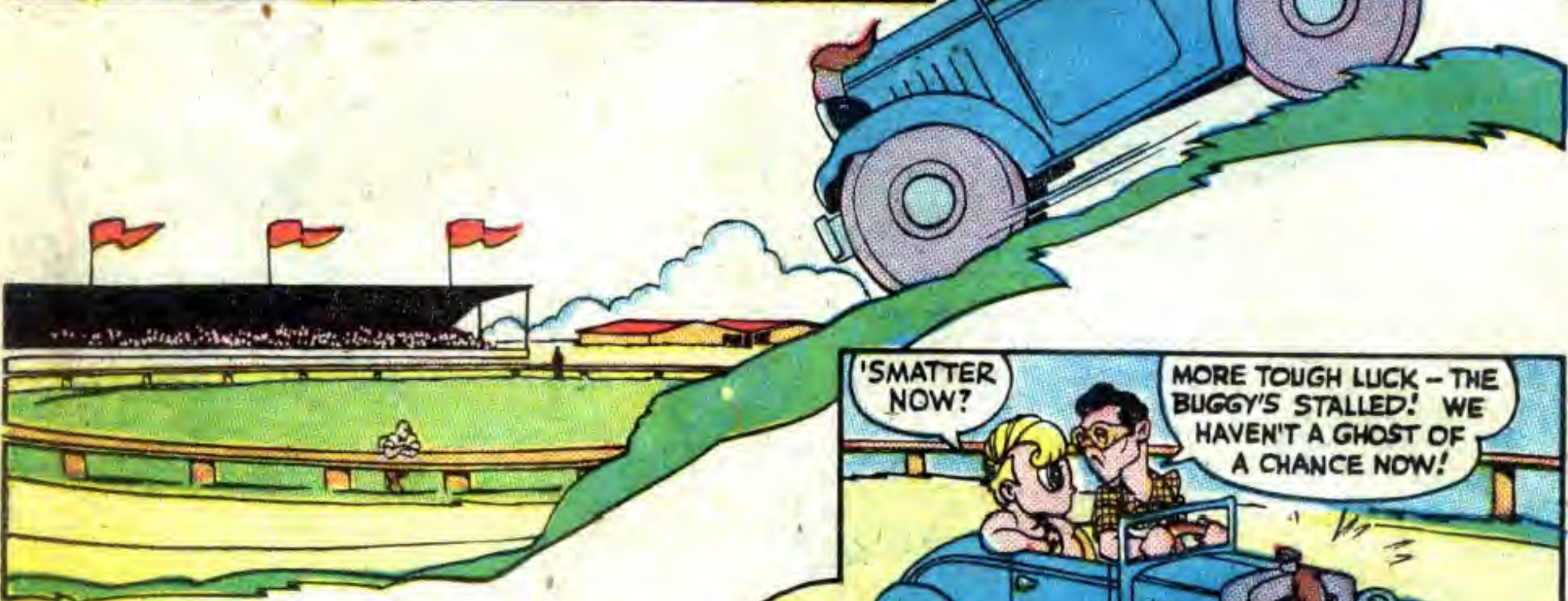
SWOOSH

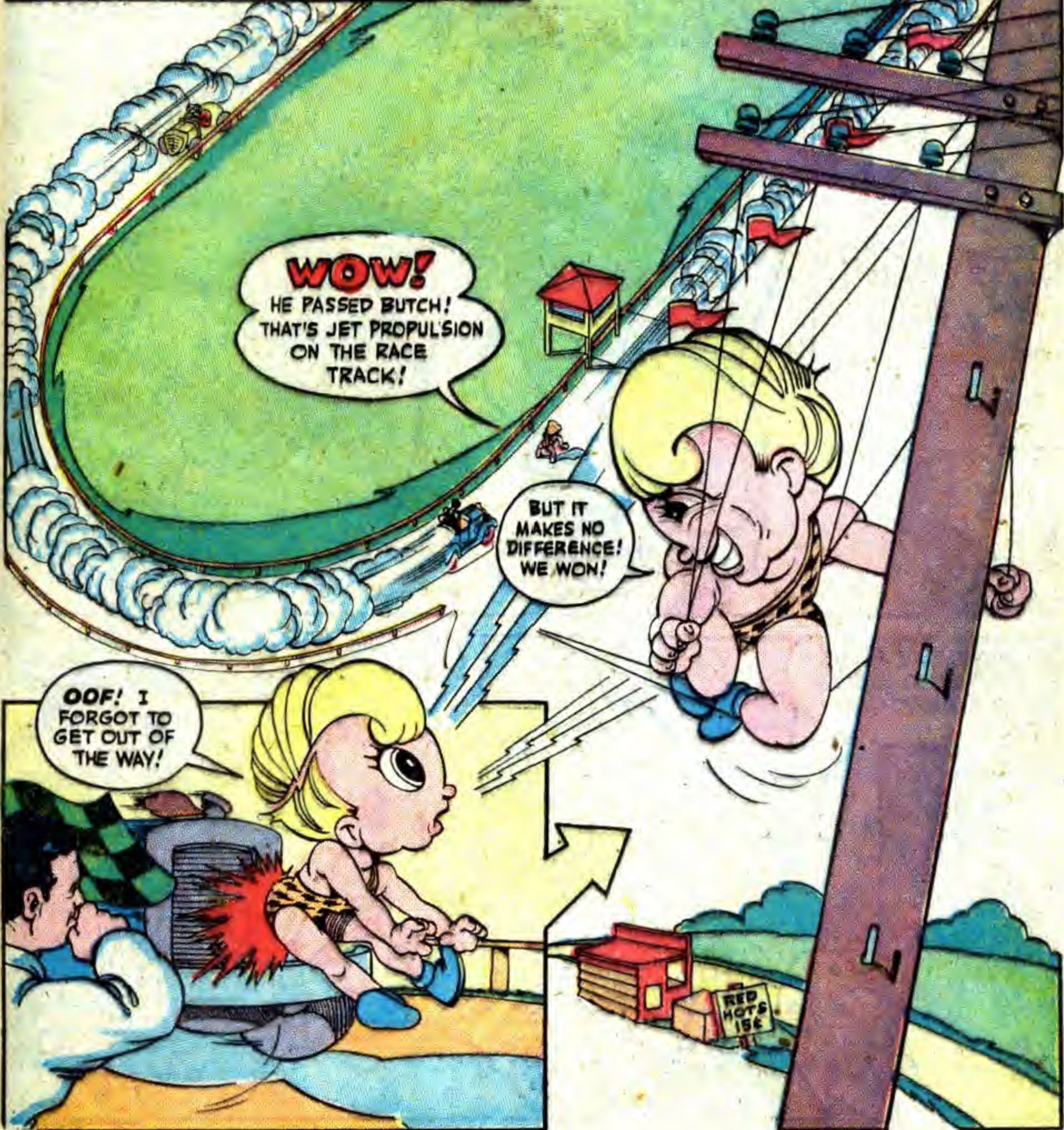
GIVE 'EM DE TREATMENT, BUGLE!



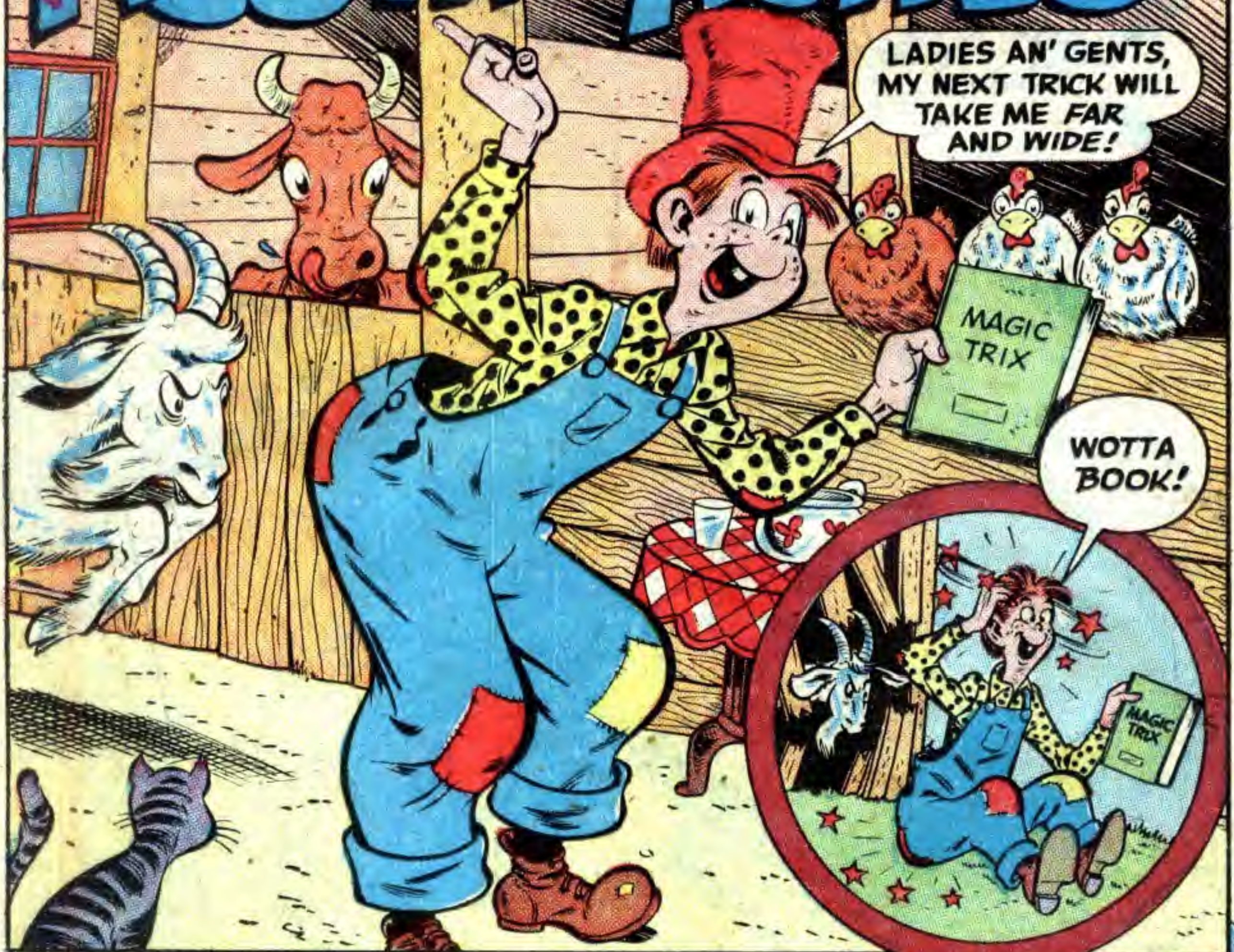


YIPEE!





ACORN ACRES



A few days later...

YIPPEEE!

REET!

GAWRSH!
TSK-TSK! HMM!
TRY THE
DISAPPEARIN'
EGG TRICK---
HMM!

?

HMM... LE'S SEE NOW...
TAKE ONE EGG AND---

ONE -- TWO ---
ABACADABRA---

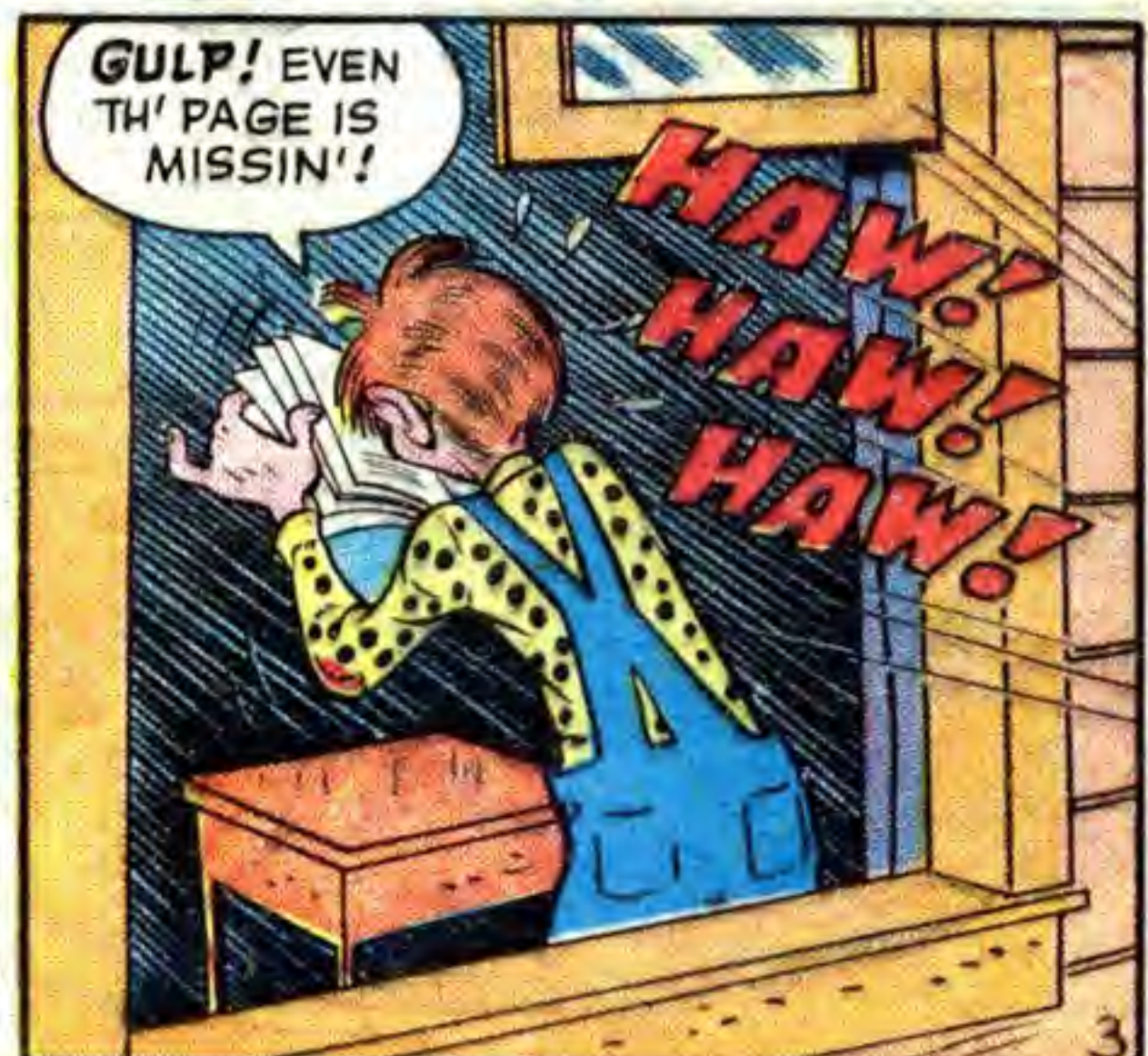
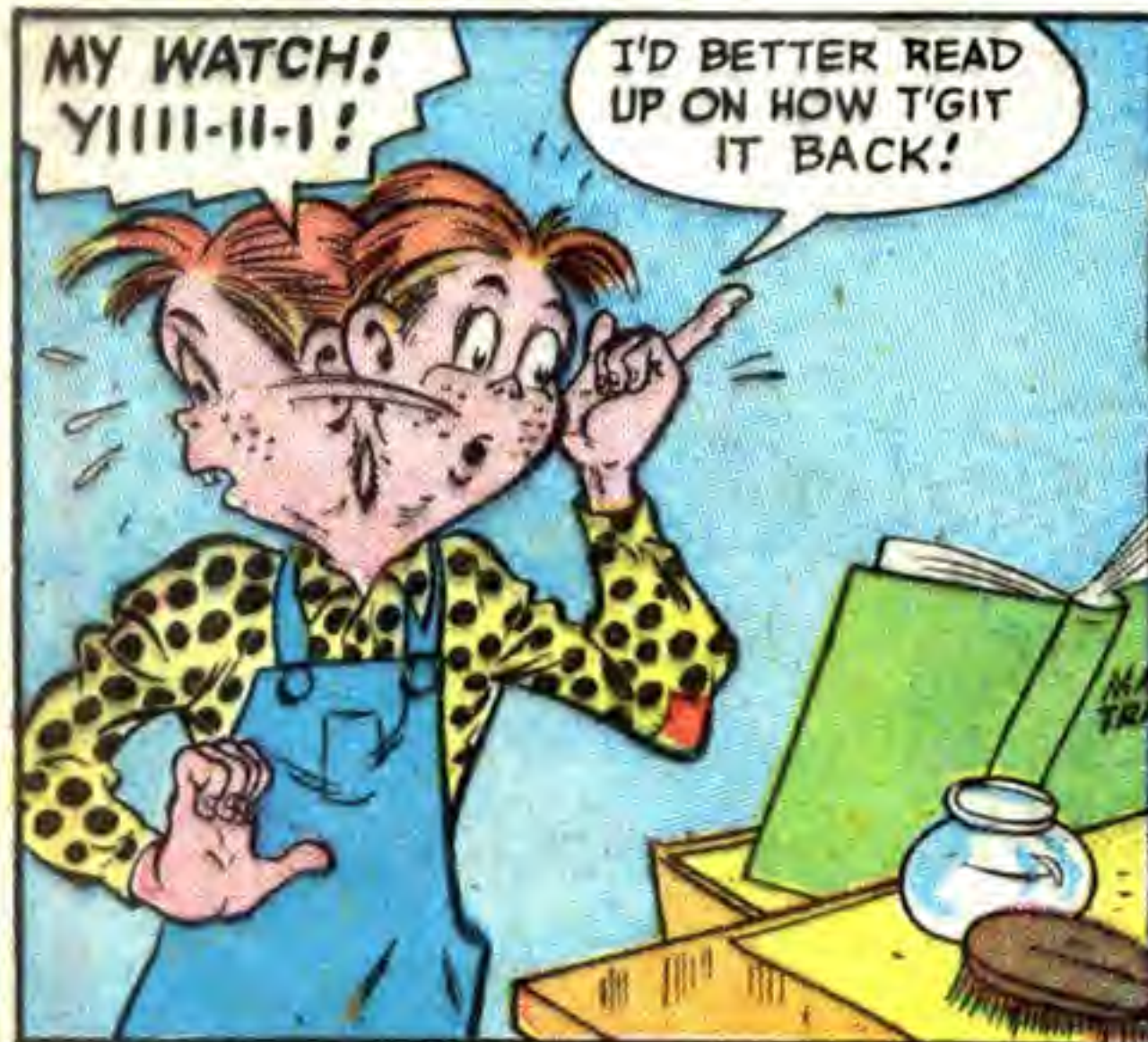
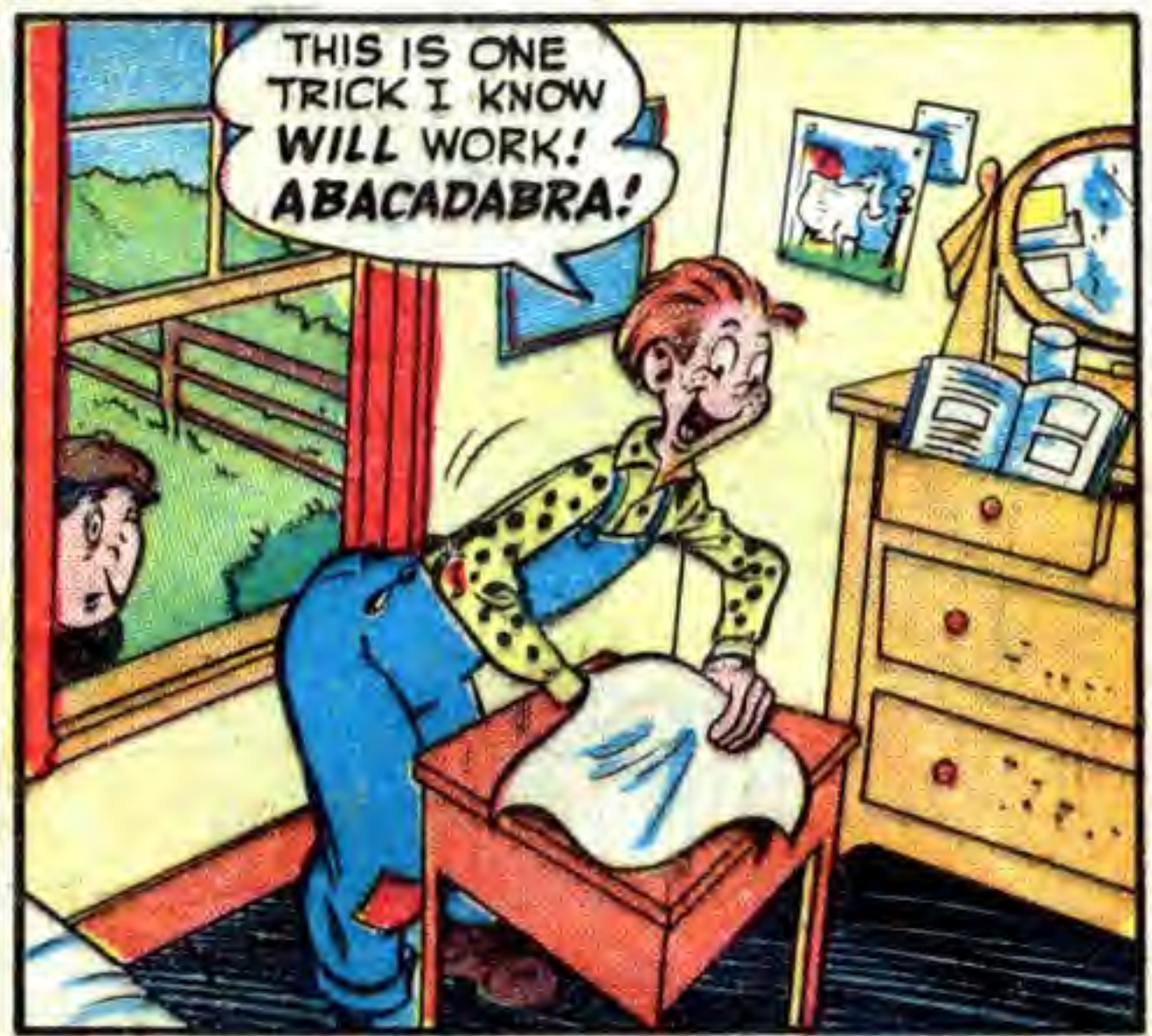
OOPS!

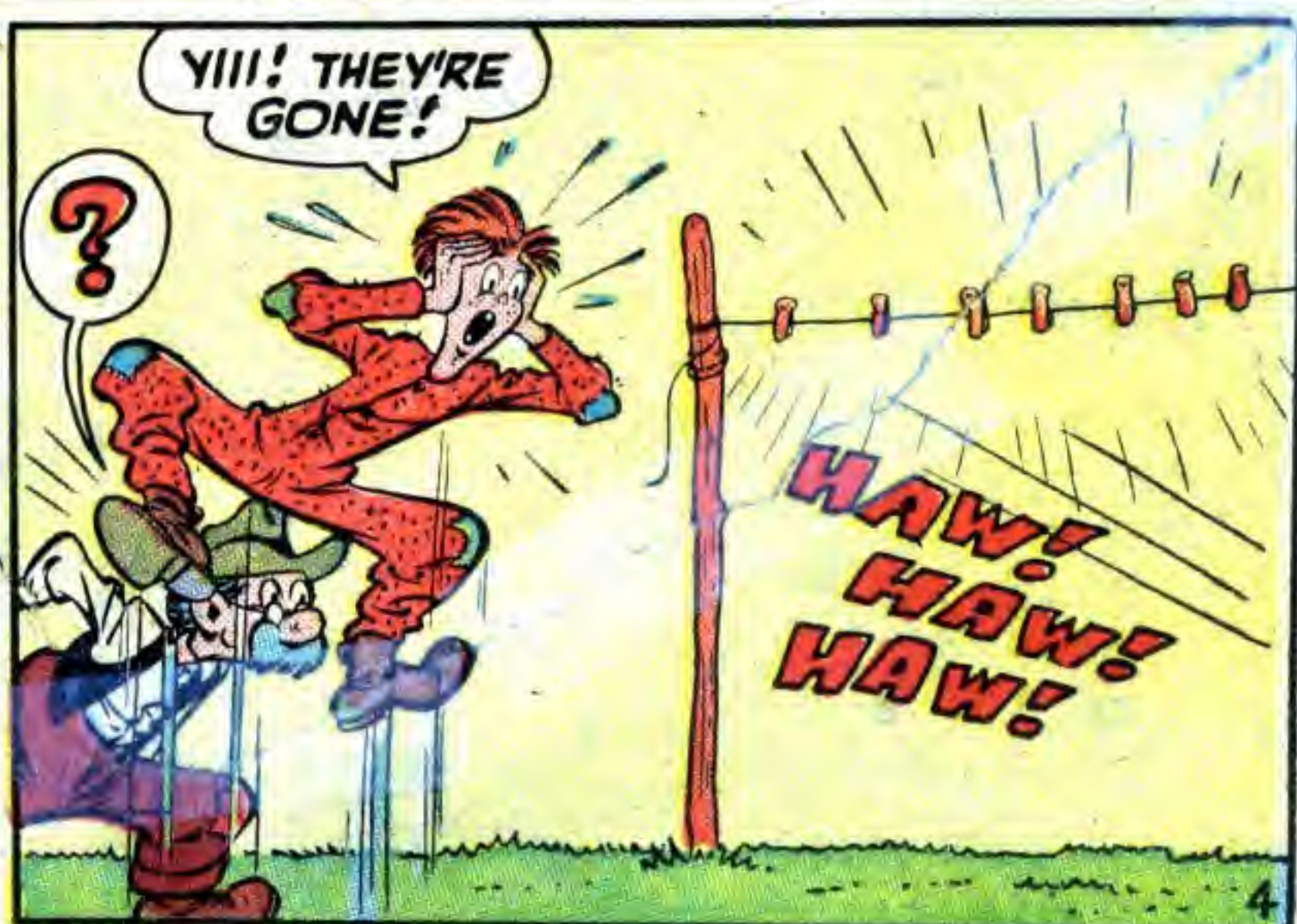
TRY AGAIN'S MY
MOTTO --- THAT IS---
ER --- A---

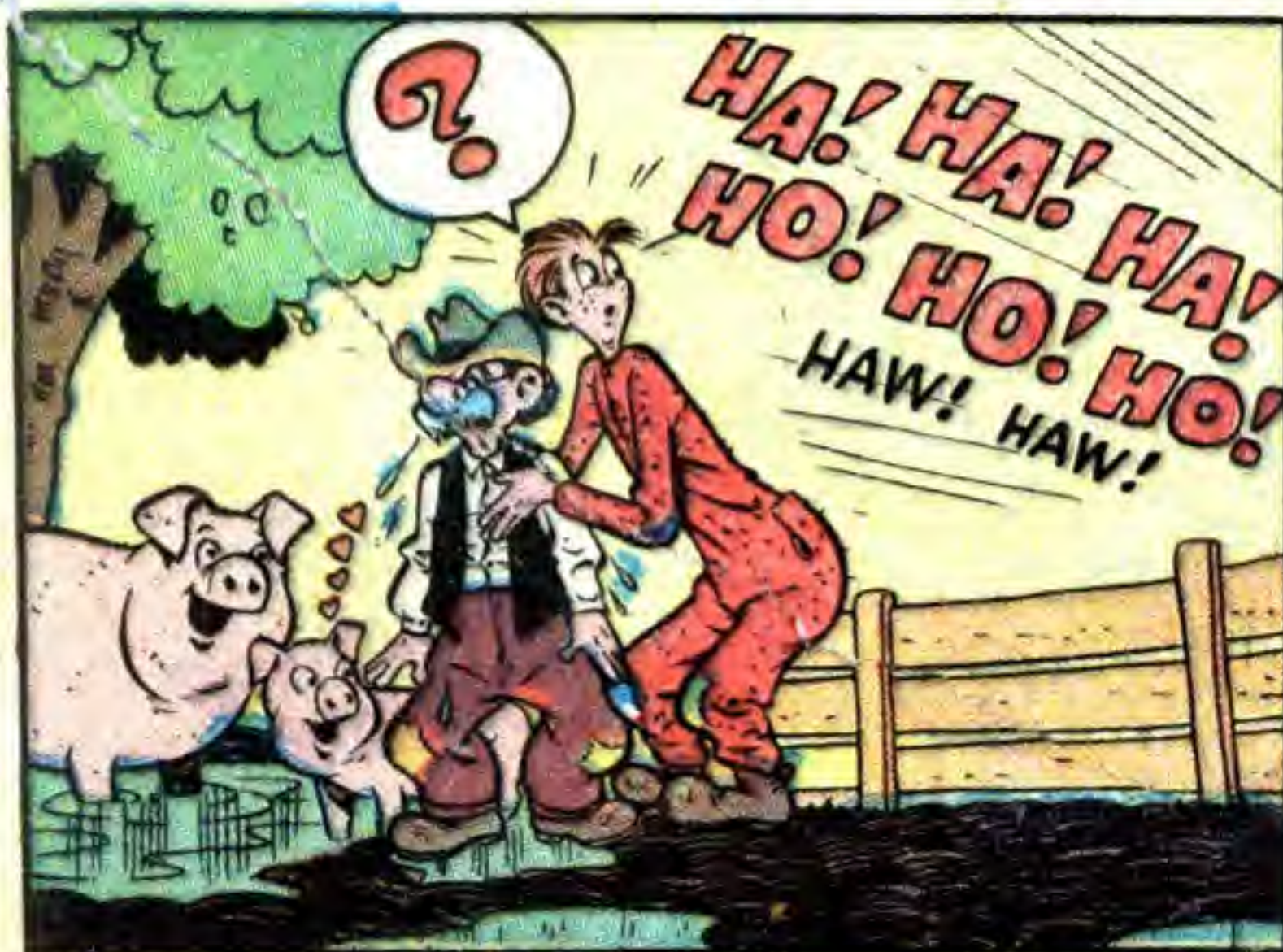
GAWRSH! MAYBE
I'D BETTER---

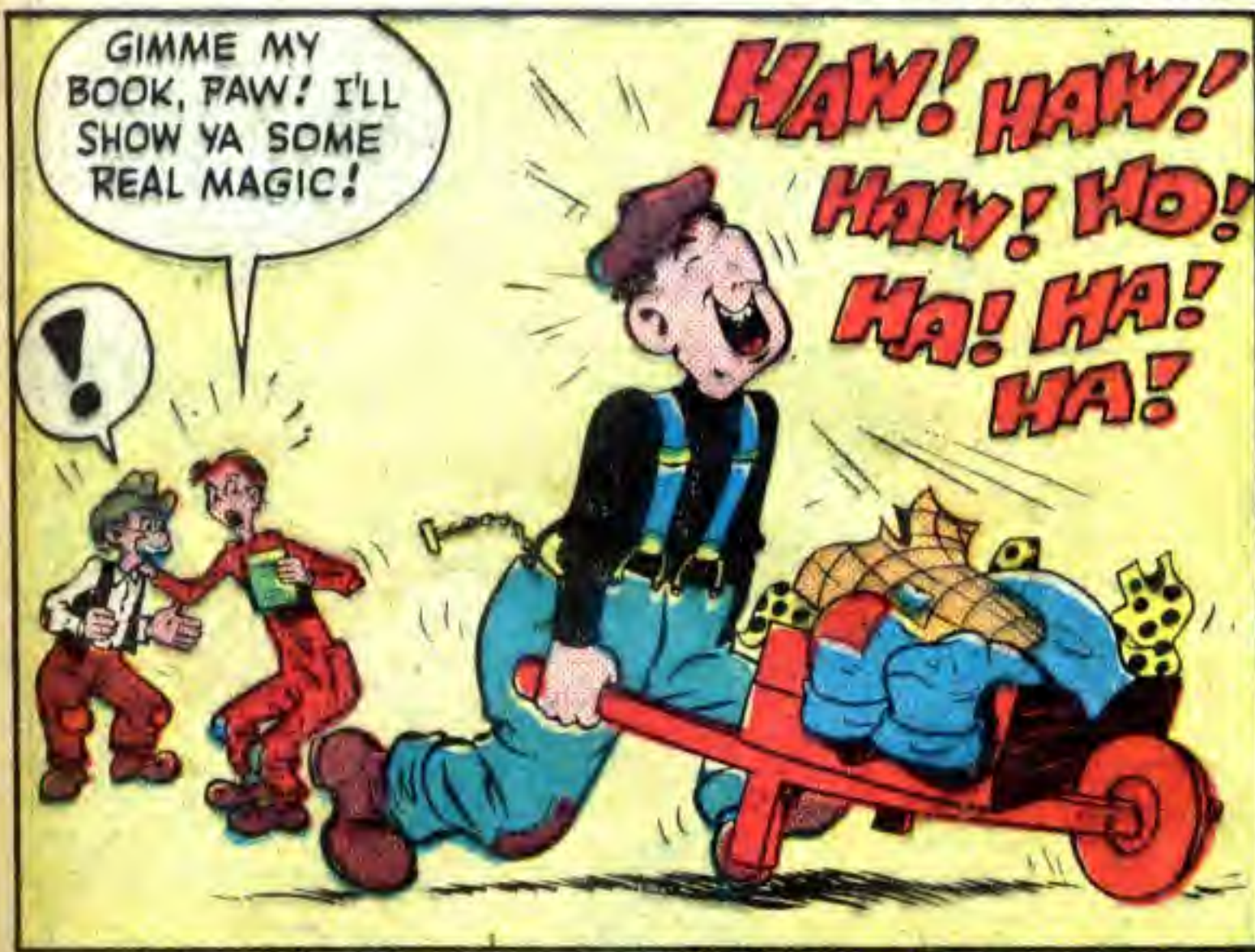
TRY ANOTHER
DISAPPEARING
ACT ---

Wow!

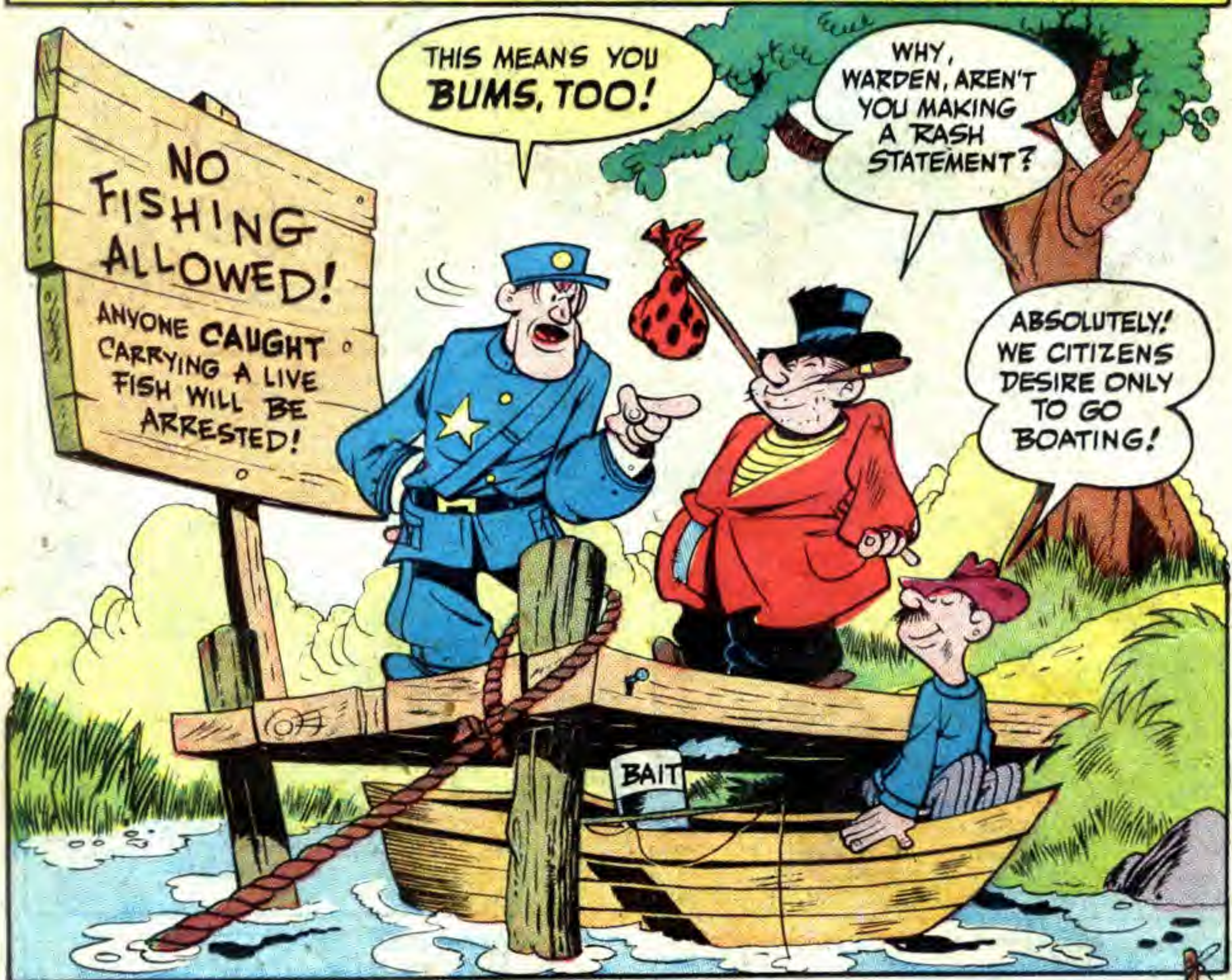


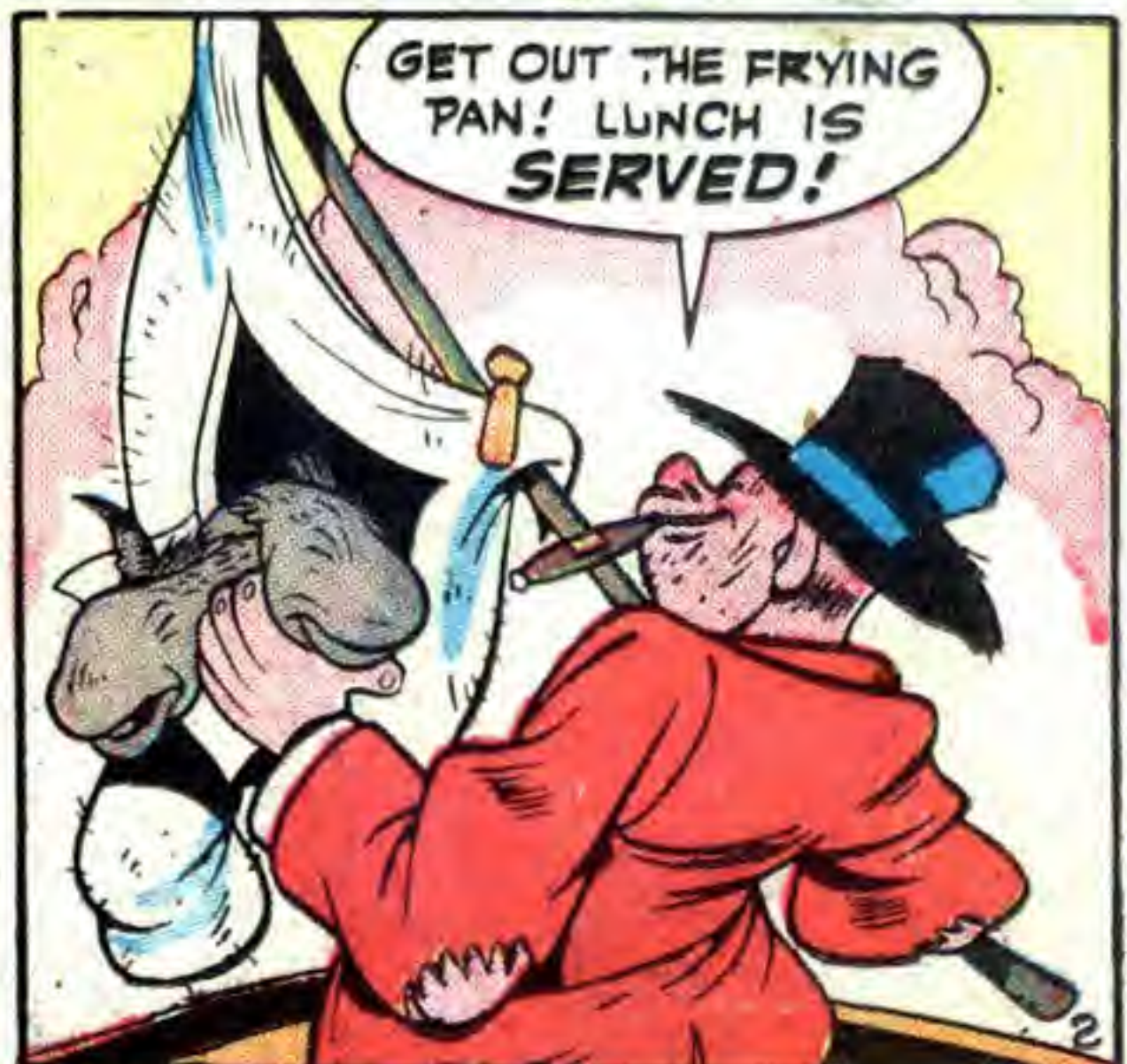
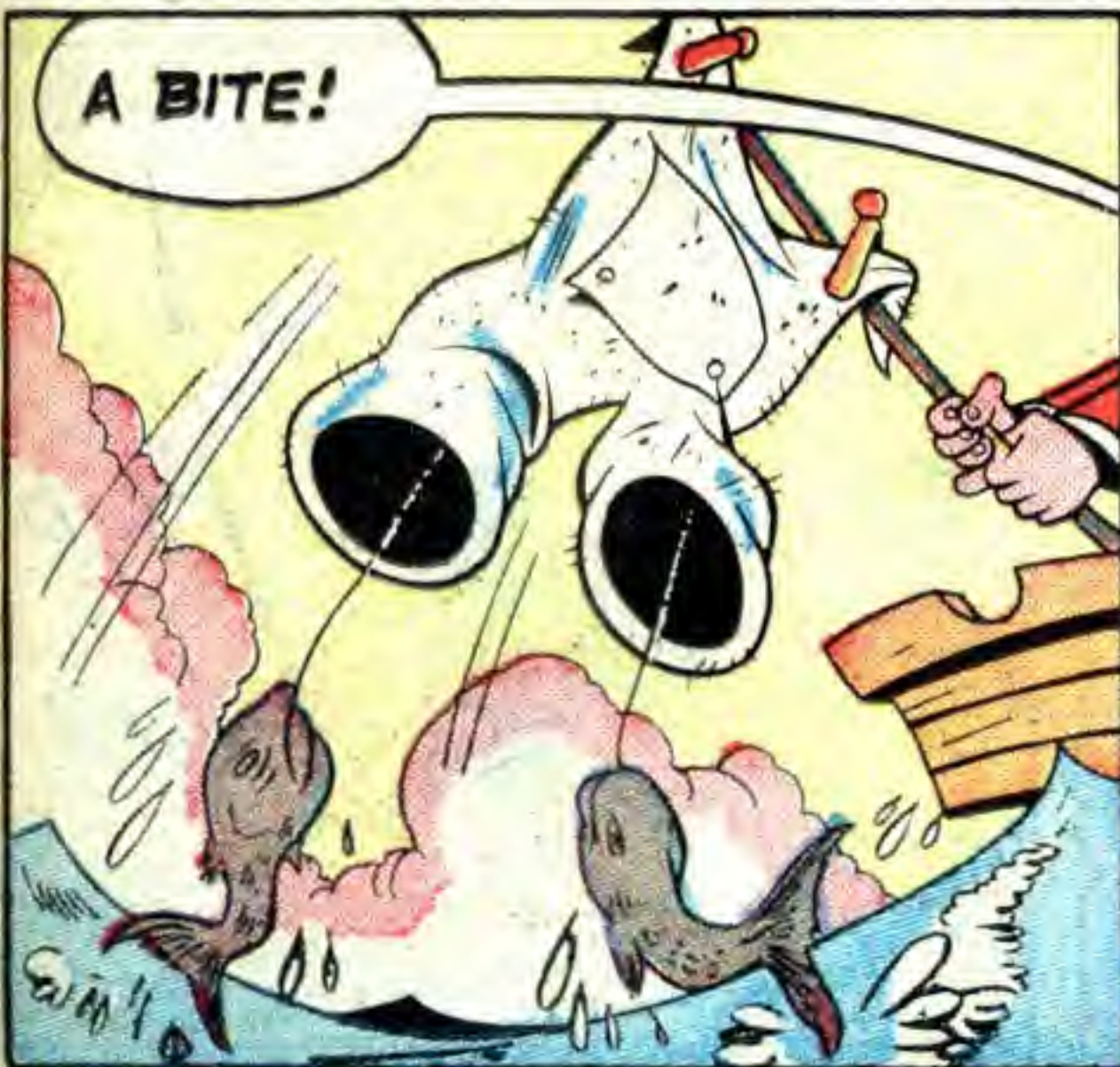
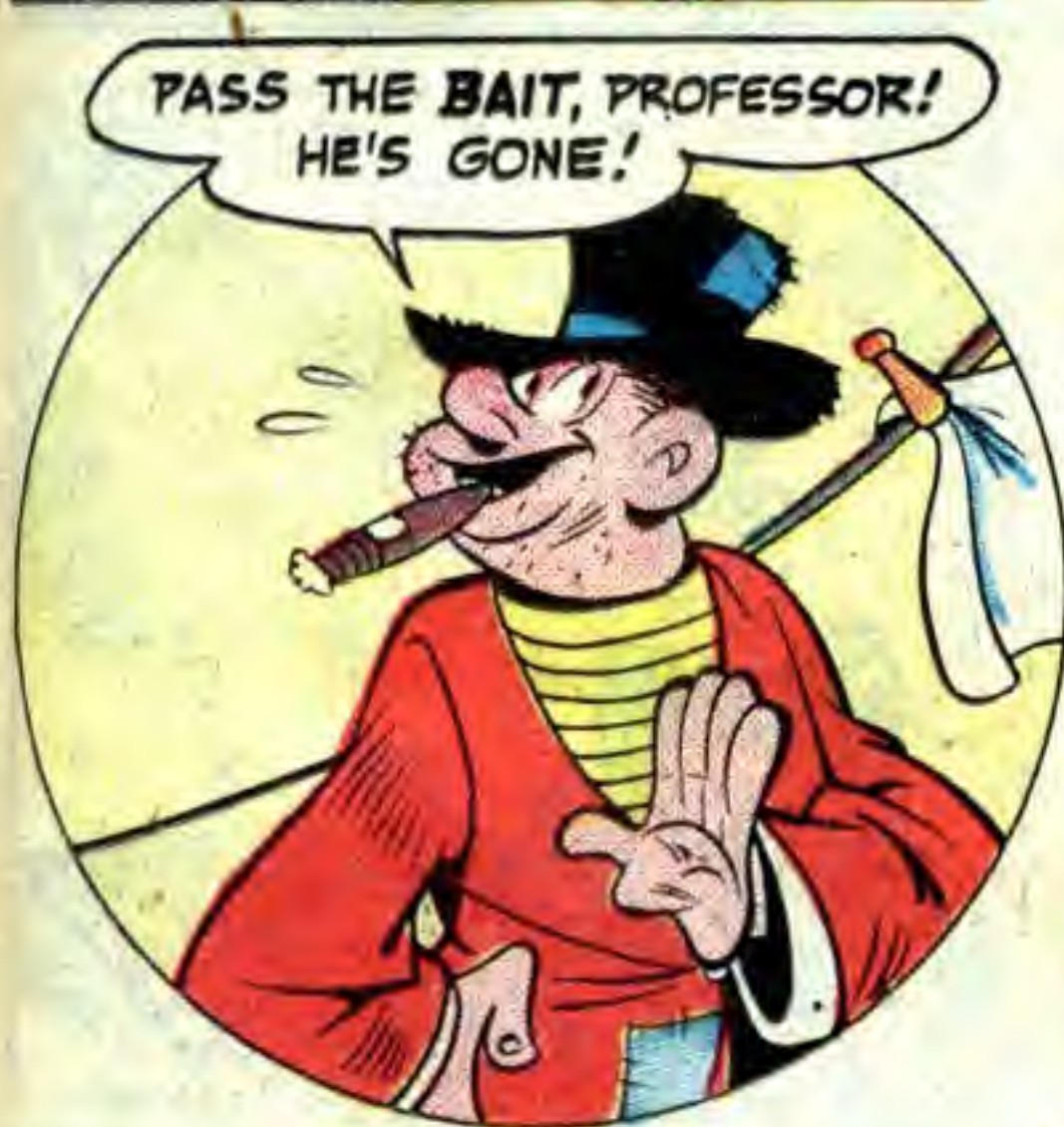


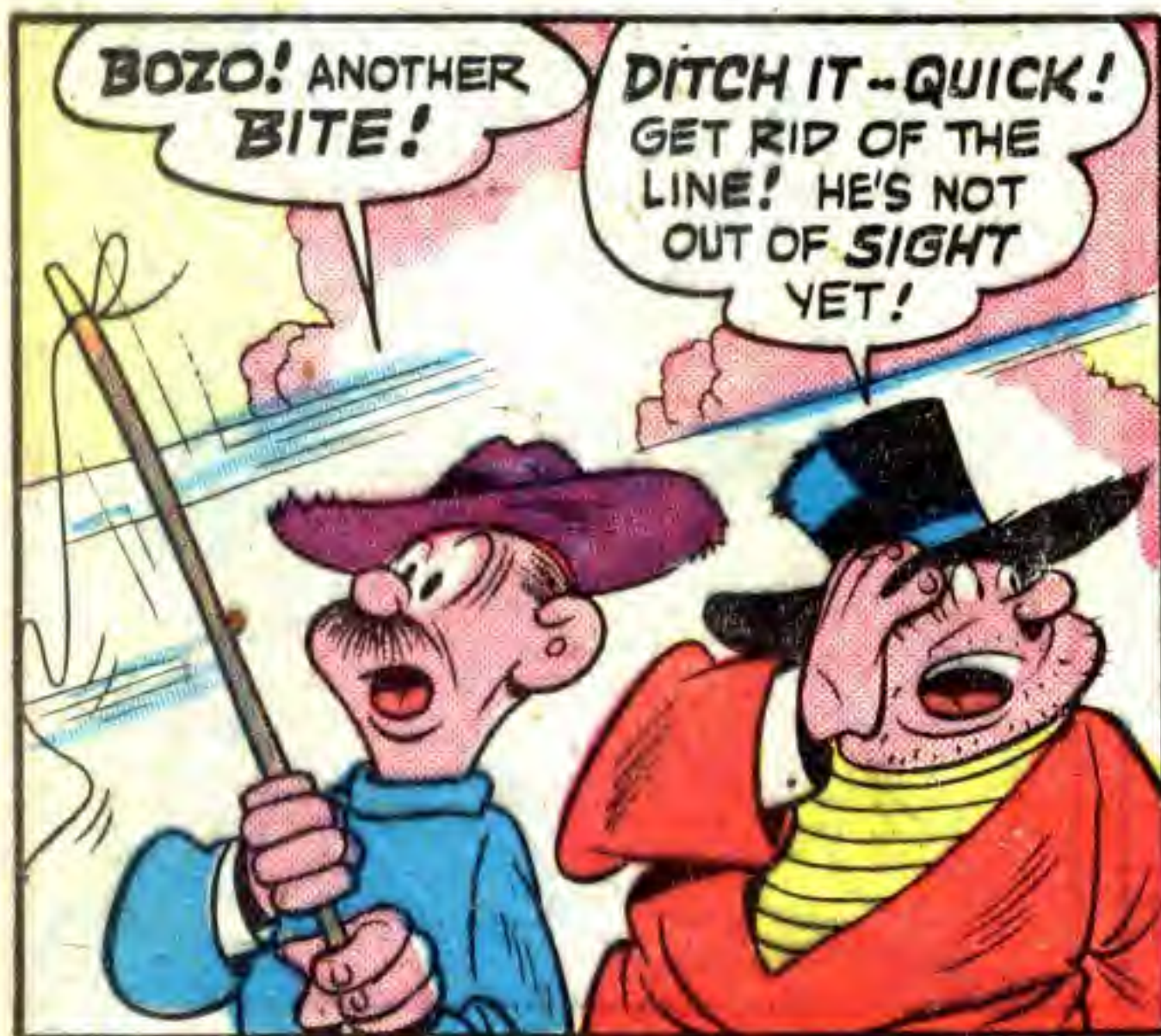
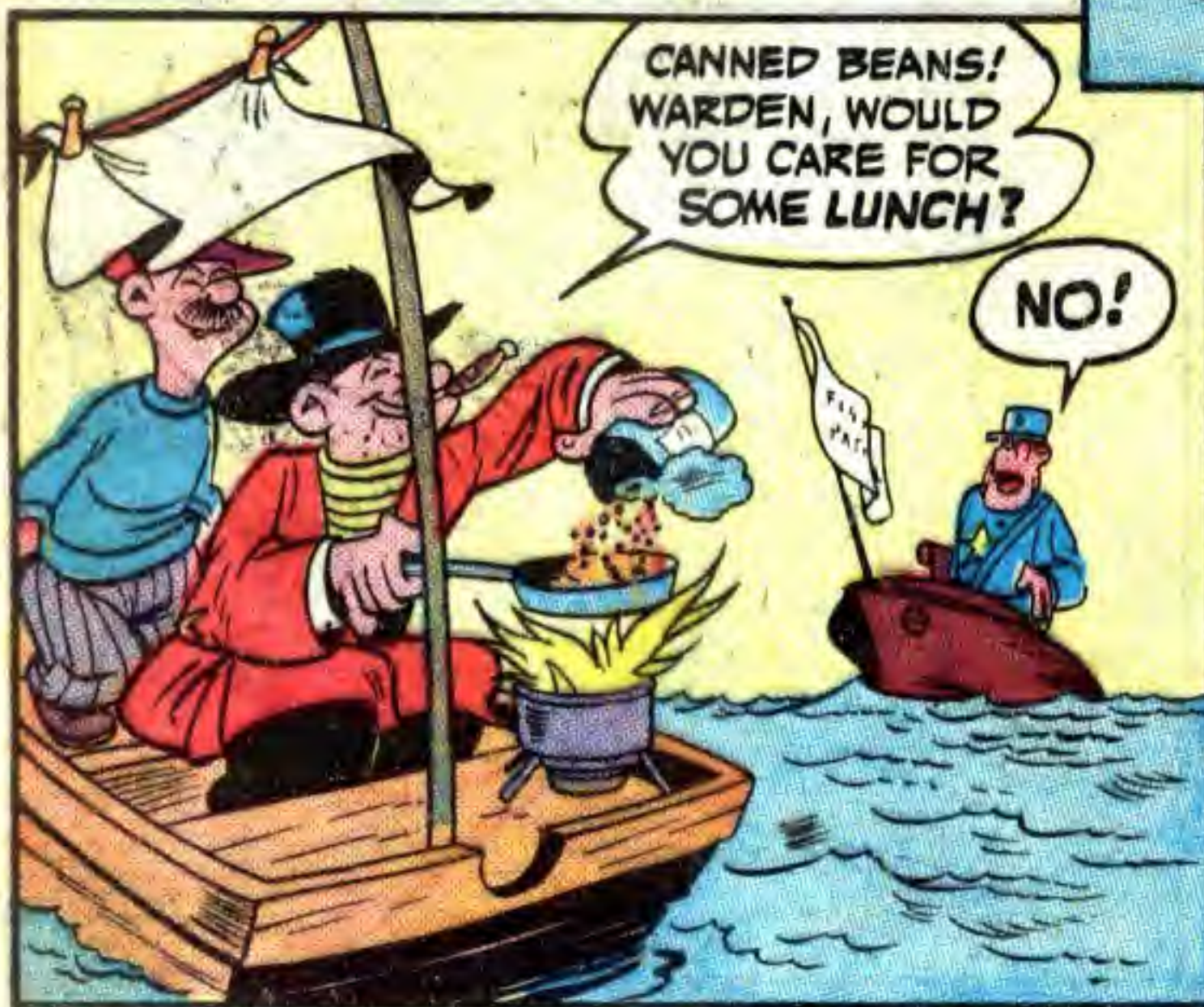




BOZO *the* HOBBO







WARDEN, TURN OFF YOUR **OUTBOARD MOTOR!** OUR ---ER--- **CLOTHES LINE** IS CAUGHT IN YOUR **PROPELLER!**

GULP

HUH?

WE OUGHT TO HAVE THE LAW ON YOU FOR ALMOST **DROWNING THE PROFESSOR!**

I'M **SORRY!**

AH, HAH! I KNEW I'D CATCH YOU ON A **TECHNICALITY!** FISHING WITH **B.V.D.'s** IS A **FEDERAL OFFENSE!**

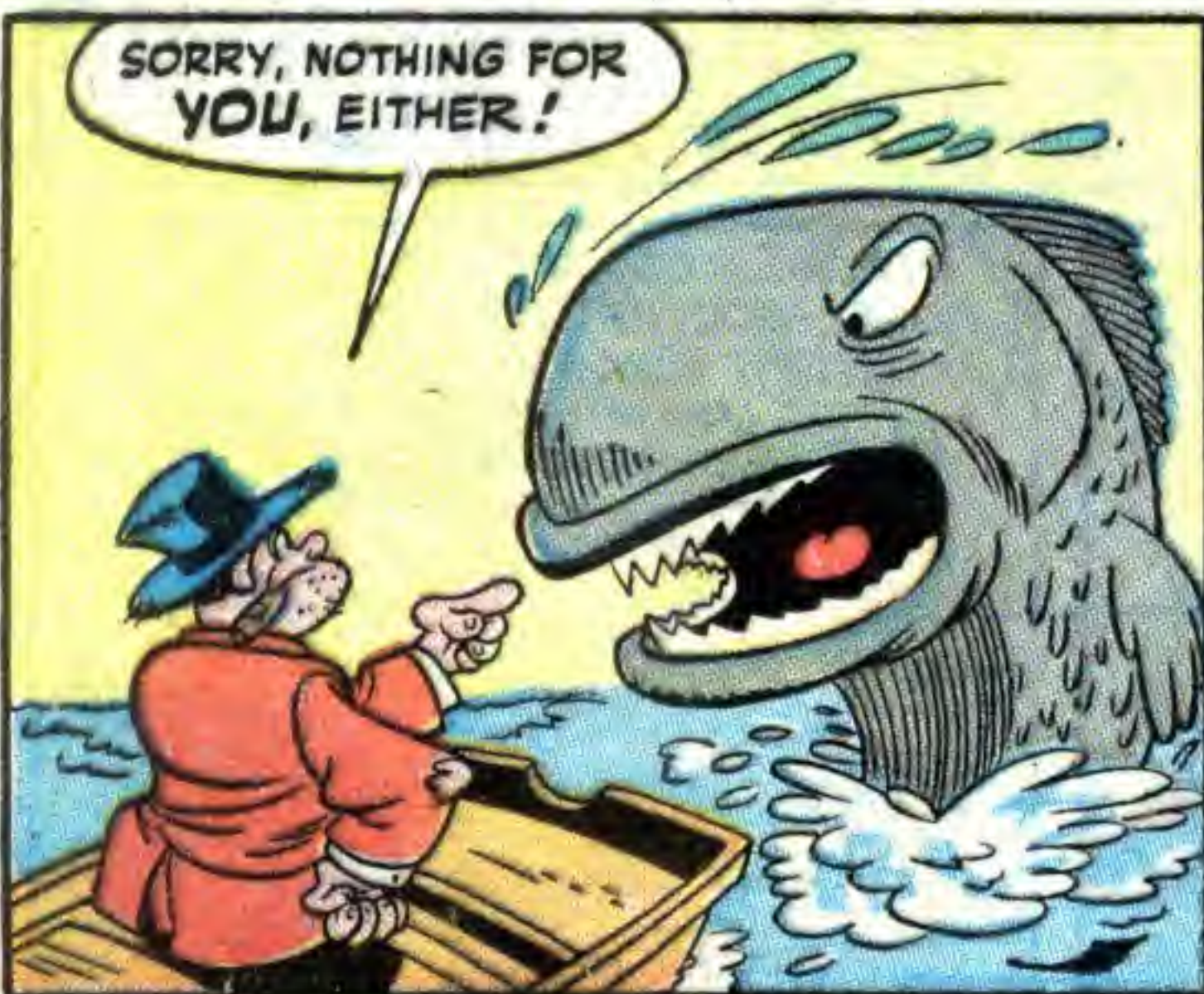
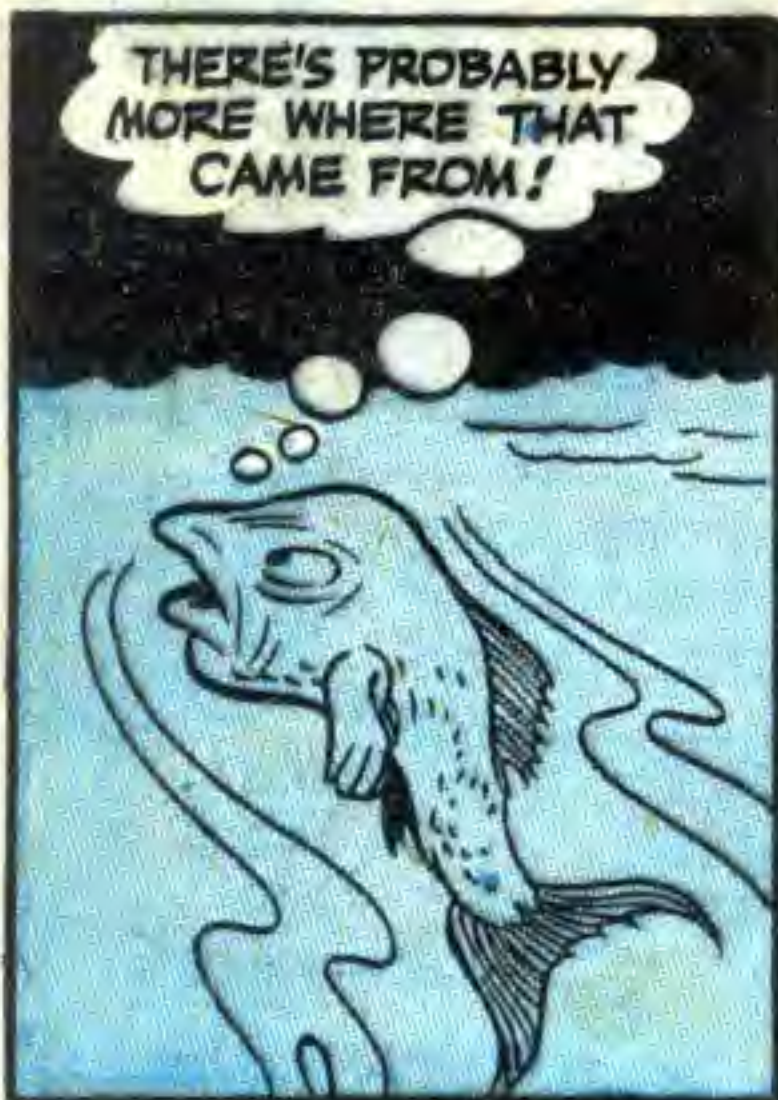
B-BUT TH-THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! WE WERE USING **BAIT** AND ... GOSH!

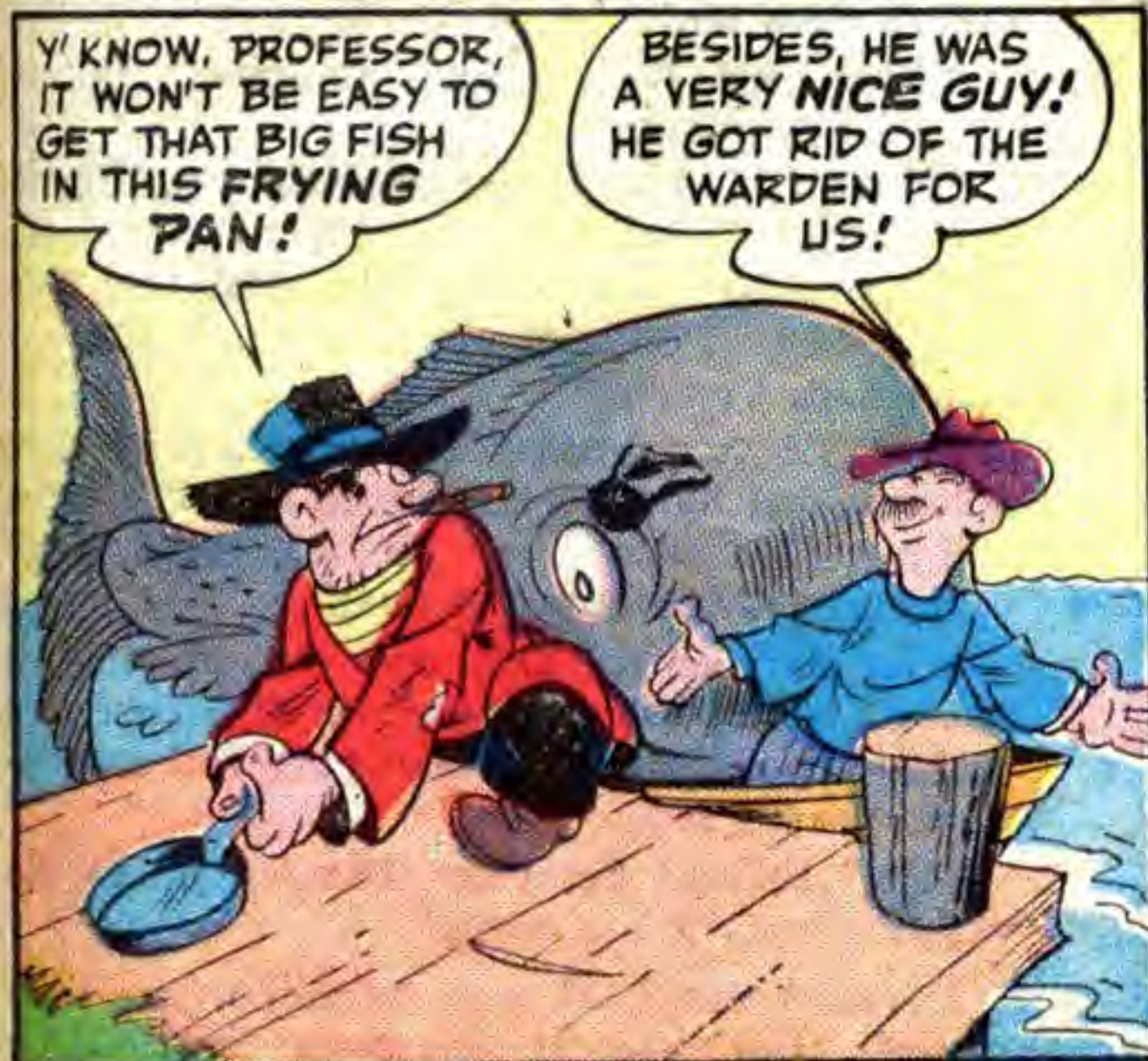
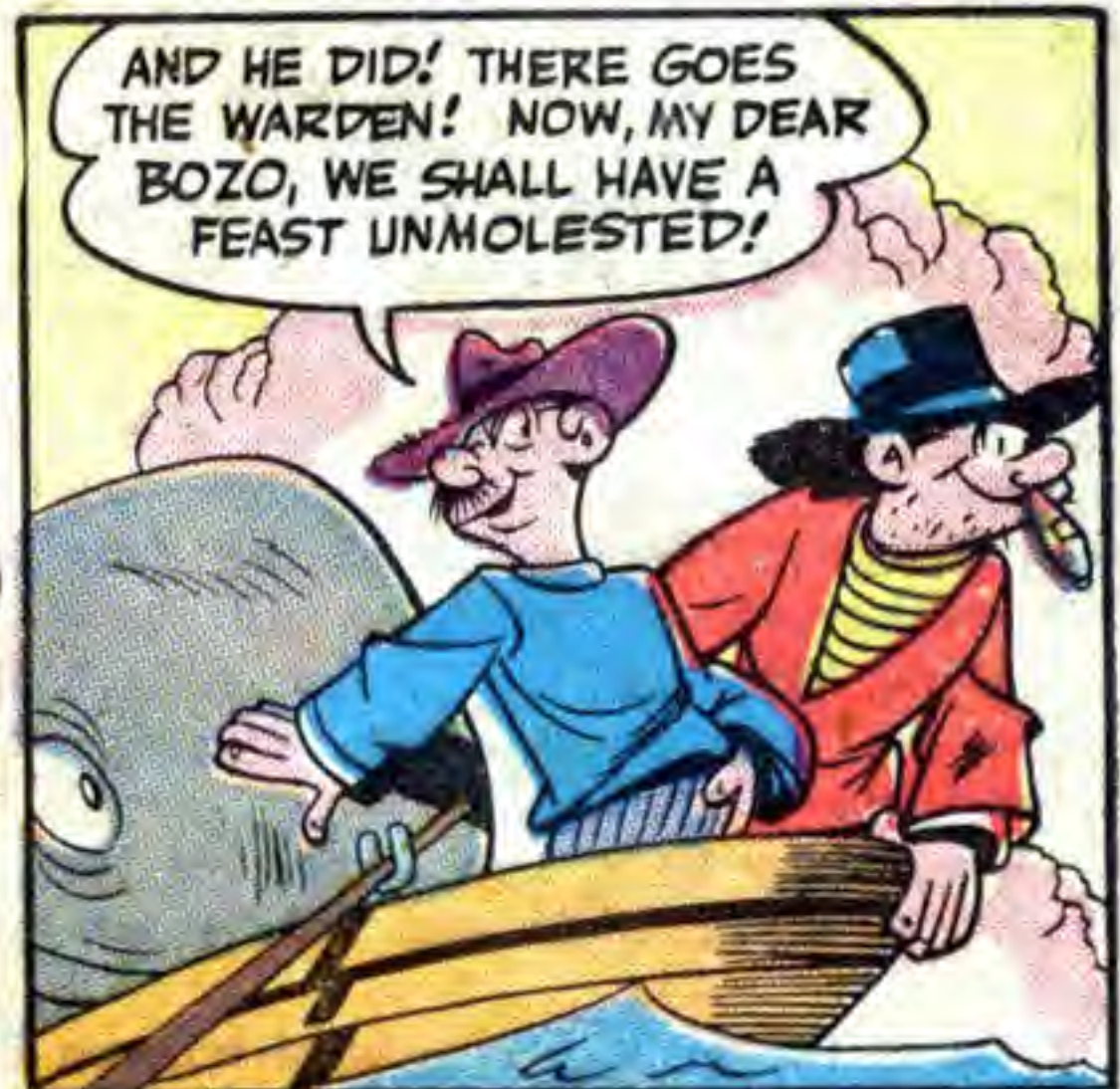
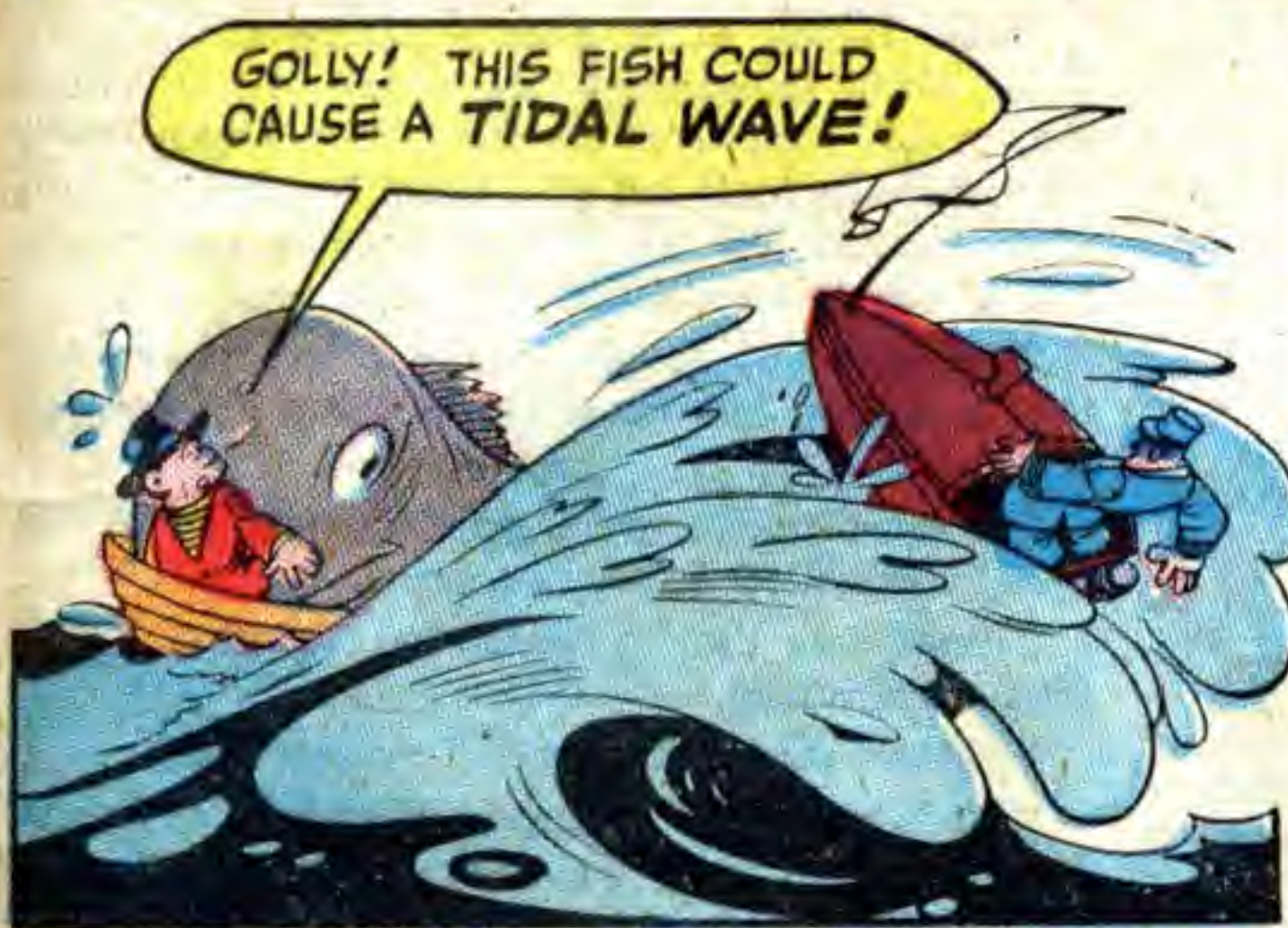
SHH-H! YOU TOLD 'IM!

Y'SEE, WE'RE GIVING THE BAIT AWAY **FREE** TO ALL THE FISH! YEAH! WE'RE FEEDING THEM SO THEY WON'T **STARVE!**

WHAT?

NOW, GO ALONG AND ---ER--- DON'T WORRY ABOUT US! CAN'T WE BE **KIND HEARTED** SOULS WITHOUT HAVING THE LAW INTERRUPT OUR **GENEROUS DEED?**





THAT'S FINNY BUSINESS

THE Dewdrop, out of Hanford, lazed in the easy swells, the sun gleaming on its polished deck. It gleamed on the red, shiny nose of Capt. Moses Digby, too.

If there was one thing Capt. Moses Digby liked to do, better than laze on a gleaming deck in easy swells, it was fish. For forty years Capt. Digby had been lazing and fishing. And in all that time of catering to the wishes of eager fishermen from "down east" he had never had such a strange group on board.

At the moment, Capt. Digby had the deck to himself. It was early in the morning, too early for the "swells" below deck. They were sleeping—sleeping while the big ones got away, thought Digby with a grimace.

"Oh, well, what did he care? They had chartered the boat for a week. Again he grimaced. What a week he'd have to endure! There was that fat, over-stuffed Zebulon C. Splayfoot of the big chemical company; there was Ira N. Spoofnip of the great lumber companies; there was Rufus L. Glootinglink of the flour mills. All millionaires. All rummies. All swells.

Fishing! What did they know about fishing? What did they know about anything except count there shiny dollars?

Capt. Digby let a sigh escape his lean, tan throat. A man's trials and tribulations never ended.

Two of the wealthy men were now on deck, yawning and sleepy looking and muttering about a bad night. Capt. Digby didn't bother with them; let that silly steward look to their needs. He was skipper of this tub, wasn't he?

They were anchored about two miles off the coast in a quiet lagoon. It had to be quiet because the swells didn't mix. Which is to say that the swells on board couldn't stand the swells cooked up by King Neptune. Digby wondered what they were going to do when the ship put to sea for the fishing. Ah, that would be to laugh!

Breakfast was a lengthy affair filled with unintelligible chatter about rising and falling stocks, and other things Digby didn't pretend to understand. There was some grumbling because Digby didn't furnish morning newspapers. The coffee was too strong. The pancakes were too thick. The molasses wasn't from Vermont.

When the terrible breakfast was over, Capt. Digby suggested, in a tone of voice he bridled somehow, that they get about setting to sea and

taking advantage of the good fishing he assured them was to be had about five miles off shore.

"Five miles!" squeaked Splayfoot. "Isn't that —isn't it a bit of a distance, Captain?"

Digby looked at him. Just looked, then turned and went aft.

Five miles was a bit of a distance indeed! Capt. Digby almost hoped the boat would sink out there. He silently vowed that he'd give up catering to these nitwits. But then, how was he to make a decent living? Mere fishing wasn't paying any too well. It was only these rich guys who made owning such a large boat worthwhile.

Capt. Digby went about getting under way, doing little to assuage the fears of the guests that rough seas were in the offing. Digby knew they were in for a bit of a time, but he liked the idea. Served 'em right, that's what it did! He hoped the wind would blow 'em gally-west!

The seas got rough as the ship plowed farther out. The low coastline of Hanford dropped away.

All three guests were on deck when the first flying fish sailed across the bows.

"What was that?" demanded Zebulon Splayfoot suspiciously.

"Birds," said Glootinglink succinctly.

"Birds me eye!" snapped Spoofnip. "If them is birds, then they was drippin' plenty water."

Capt. Digby chuckled. The rubes! Didn't know sailfish from birds!

"What was them things, Captain?" Splayfoot wanted to know.

"Mermaids," said Digby unblushingly. "These here waters are full of 'em."

"Mermaids!" shouted Spoofnip. "Oh boy, I've always wanted to meet me a mermaid. Can ya arrange it, Captain?"

Capt. Digby delivered himself of a vast sigh, accompanied by a contemptuous look. Then he had a sudden idea. "Yes," he said, "I'll arrange a meeting. Better drop the lines."

They dropped the lines over the side and almost instantly the one held by Splayfoot was grabbed by a finny creature and the reel screamed on the big rod.

"Ho!" shouted Splayfoot, hanging on to the wiggling rod. "It's a whale!"

It was a whale. At least its proportions were whalish. Just what it was even Capt. Digby

couldn't tell. It roared through the water athwart the ship, at last leaping high above the waves and shaking itself like some monstrous animal.

"Porpoise!" shouted Digby. "Look out!"

The porpoise came at the end of the line and the resultant jerk lifted Splayfoot over the side. He yelled like a stuck pig as he sailed over the rail, hitting the water with a great splash. The porpoise had no intention of giving up the chase. Away he went through the water, carrying Splayfoot with him, tailing behind.

Digby shouted to the man to let go, but it was possible that Splayfoot didn't hear through the smother of foam occasioned by his mad plunge through the waves. He hung on.

Digby steered the boat in his wake, but it was soon apparent that the porpoise was the faster. Splayfoot was fast disappearing into the east. Then the animal suddenly whirled and came back toward the boat. Splayfoot turned and came along. The porpoise leaped above the water and the pole slid from Splayfoot's grasp. It was a simple matter to toss him a line. They hauled the dripping Splayfoot over the rail.

While the others laughed, Splayfoot cursed. He stamped his wet feet and shook himself.

"Fishing!" he sputtered. "This isn't fishing, it's drowning!" He shook his fist at Capt. Digby, calling him several unmentionable names and threatening him with vile punishment the moment they reached shore.

"Take me back!" shouted Splayfoot, shivering in his wet clothes.

Glootinglink said calmly, "Come now, Splay, we don't wanta go back yet. We got fishin' to do. You better go to your cabin and get dry. It's pneumonia you'll be havin'."

At that moment a great wave hurled itself over the rail of the ship and everybody got a swell ducking. Now that they were all wet, there was no more ragging Splayfoot. He took himself off below.

"Here comes them birds again!" shouted Spoofnip, waving his big red hands. A veritable wave of sailfish came slicing across the bows. They seemed to change course and fly directly toward the men on deck. Capt. Digby flopped to the deck, yelling for the others to do the same. They didn't. The sailfish banged into them with a great splash!

The sharp fins of the speeding fish did a heap of splashing of bare arms, necks and faces. And the next few minutes were devoted to dabbing iodine on the cuts.

Capt. Digby, when he could control his laughter, then thought of his promised mermaid introduction. He ordered a raft lowered over the side and when this was done, he called to Splayfoot who had again come on deck:

"Hey, you, you guys want to meet them mermaids?"

"Yeah," said Splayfoot grudgingly. "Might as well get something for our money. But no tricks, Captain. If you pull anything funny—"

"He means finny," chuckled Spoofnip. "Me, I wanta meet them mermaids. Mebbe I won't wanta go back to shore."

The three men then clambered down the rope ladder and sprawled on the rubber raft bobbing alongside. They had to cling with all their might as the rollers were high and rough. Capt. Digby cast the line off and the ship drew away from the raft. The men looked up scared and shouted at Digby. "Hey, you ain't leavin' us, are you? Come back here, you!"

"There they come—the mermaids!" sang out Digby, pointing to some dark dots bobbing along fast toward the raft. Presently a dozen huge porpoises snooted the raft, lifting it and making it jump. Then one large fellow leaped into the raft and shook his wet, cold tail at the men. They screamed and shouted.

Digby shouted back, "All right, you wanted to meet the mermaids. There they are. Ah, you don't like the ladies?" He chuckled evilly.

Hanging to a heavy line that was dragging in the wake, the captain suddenly was jerked over the rail. He landed with a big splash near the raft. The porpoises leaped all over him, rolling him over and over, playing as only porpoises can. Digby sputtered and gasped and flailed with his hairy hands. The porpoises kept right on mauling him.

At last Digby got a hand on the raft and slowly drew himself aboard. Now the other men were laughing at his antics. Digby's injured dignity had taken a real beating. Suddenly he glared balefully at the ship, which was fast leaving the floating men.

"Hey you!" screamed the captain. "Bring 'er about and pick us up!"

But nobody on deck seemed to hear his cry. In fact, none of the three sailors were apparent on deck. Soon the boat drew into harbor—captainless.

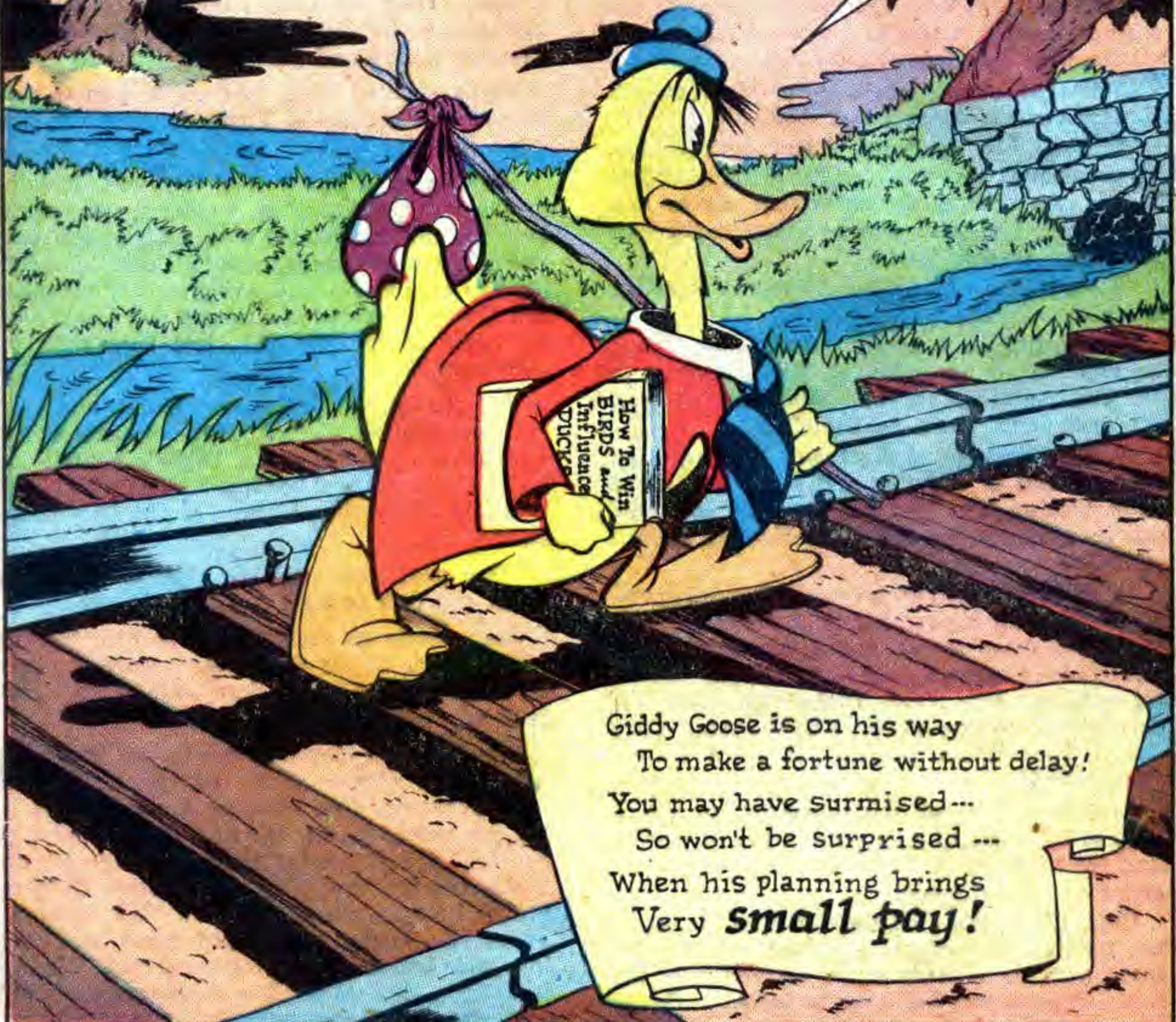
The four half drowned men began swimming toward the distant shore, muttering, growling and sputtering. Two of them couldn't swim, so the others had to tow the raft. Hours later four bedraggled men pulled themselves up on the beach and lay, breathing heavily from their exertion. Splayfoot suddenly said, "We know all about you, Digby. We played dumb and right into your hands on that mermaid stuff. We had it all fixed. How do you like the mermaids, huh?"

But Capt. Digby just glowered at them.

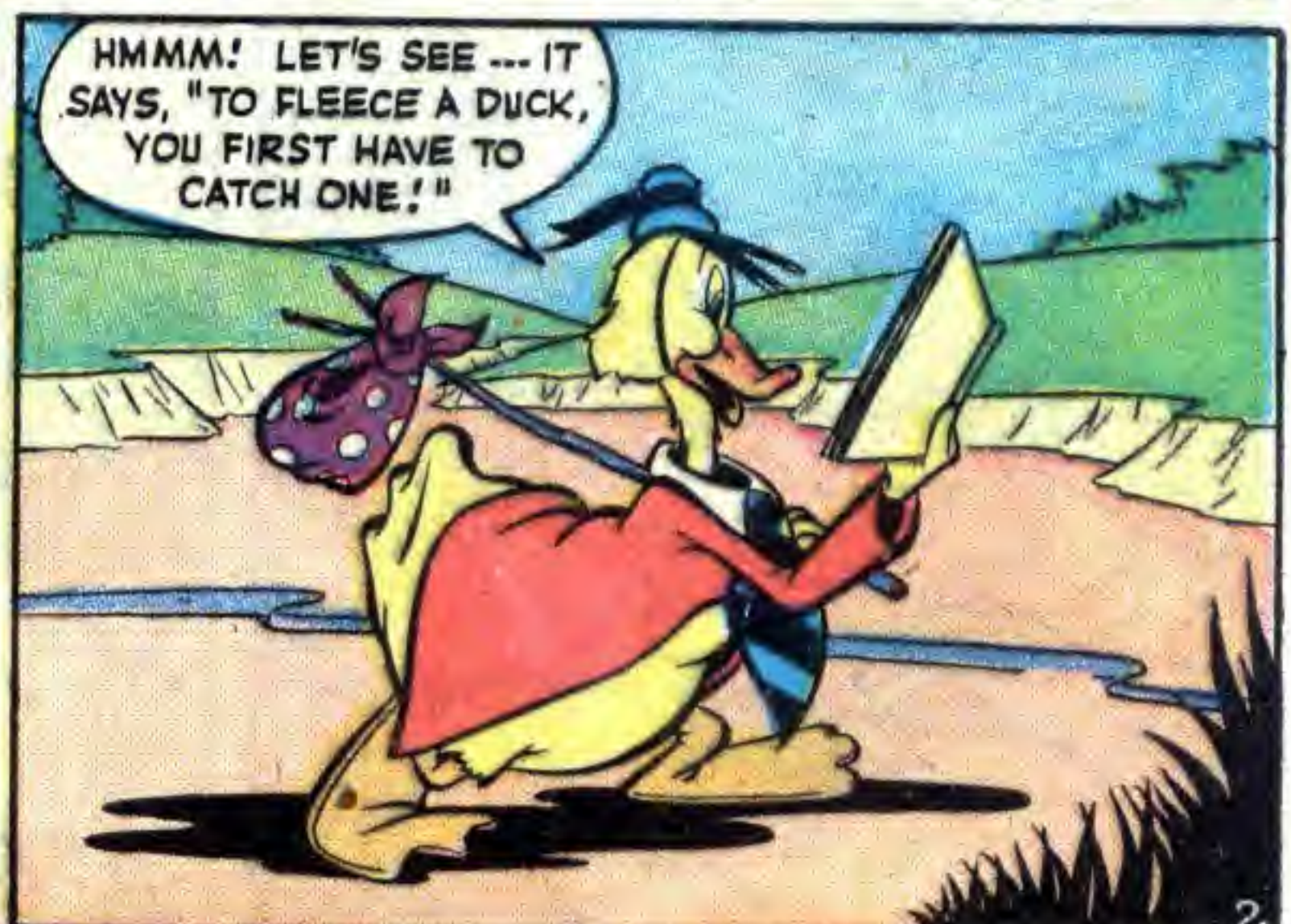
Giddy Goose

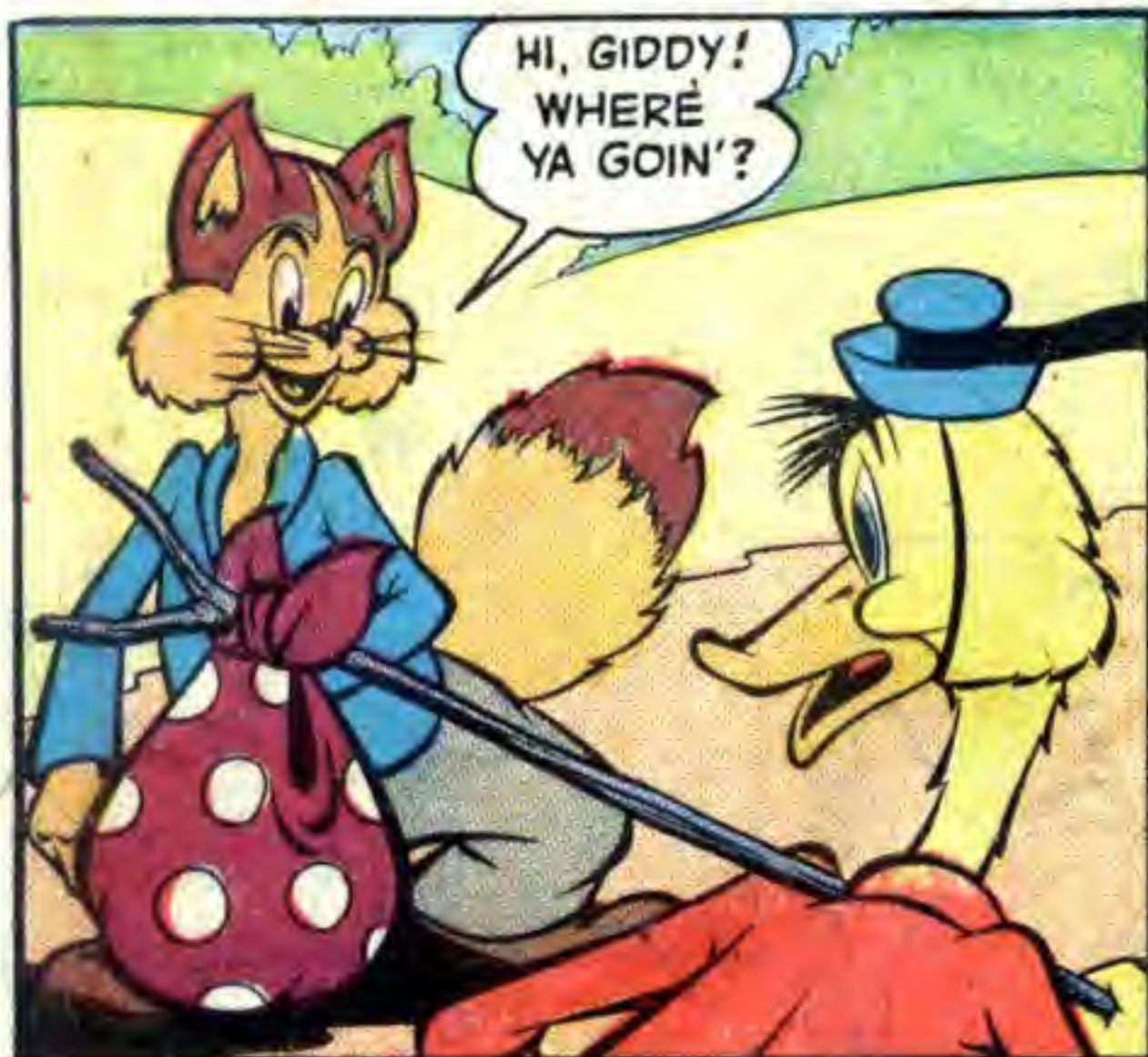


A-HUNTING
I WILL GO—
TO SEEK A
WAD OF
DOUGH—



Giddy Goose is on his way
To make a fortune without delay!
You may have surmised—
So won't be surprised—
When his planning brings
Very **small pay!**





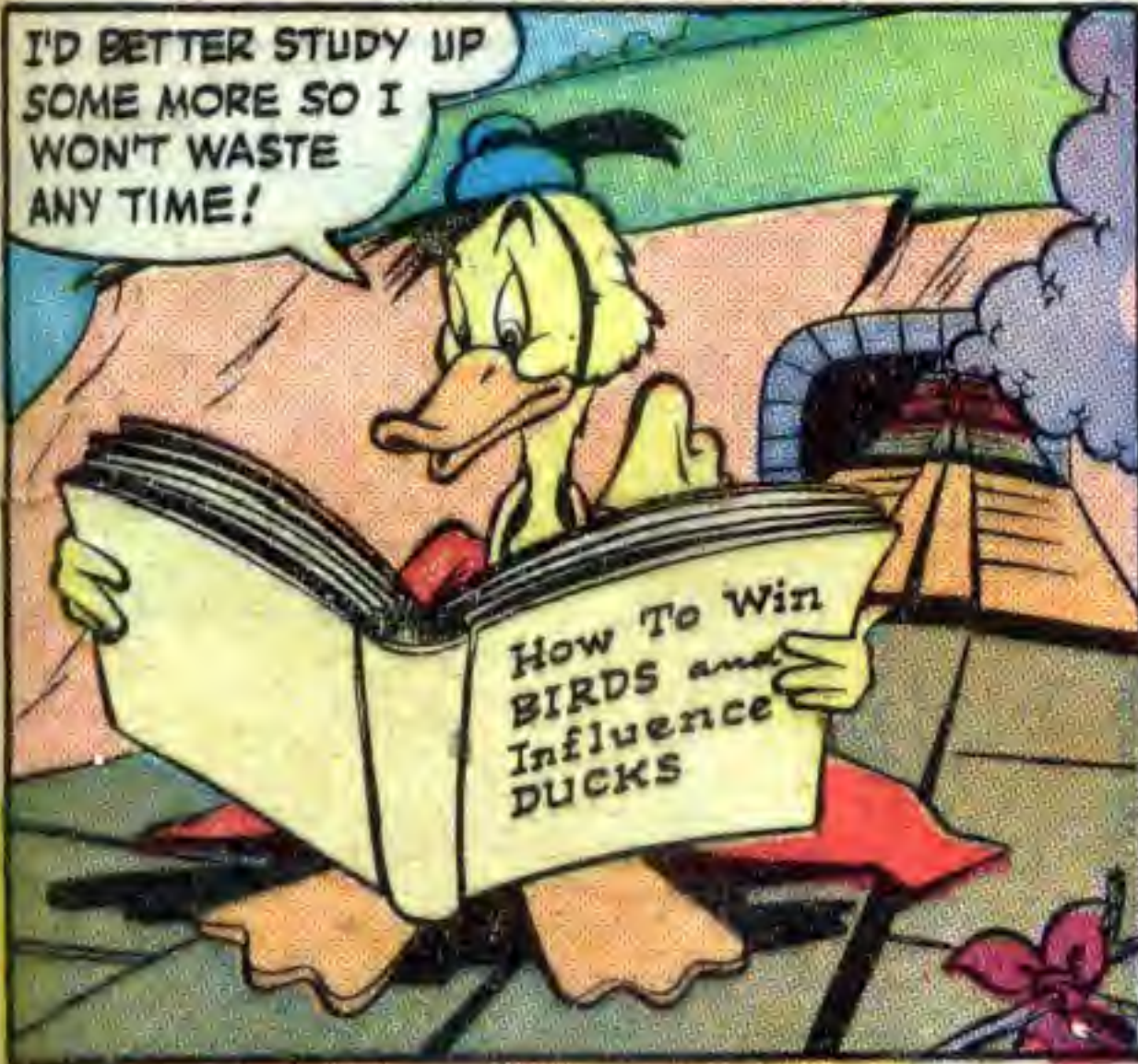
I'M THROUGH HANGING AROUND YOU LOAFERS WHO DO NOTHING BUT *FISH!*



WHEN I COME BACK, YOU'LL SEE A DUCK CAN BE FLEECEED!



I'D BETTER STUDY UP SOME MORE SO I WON'T WASTE ANY TIME!

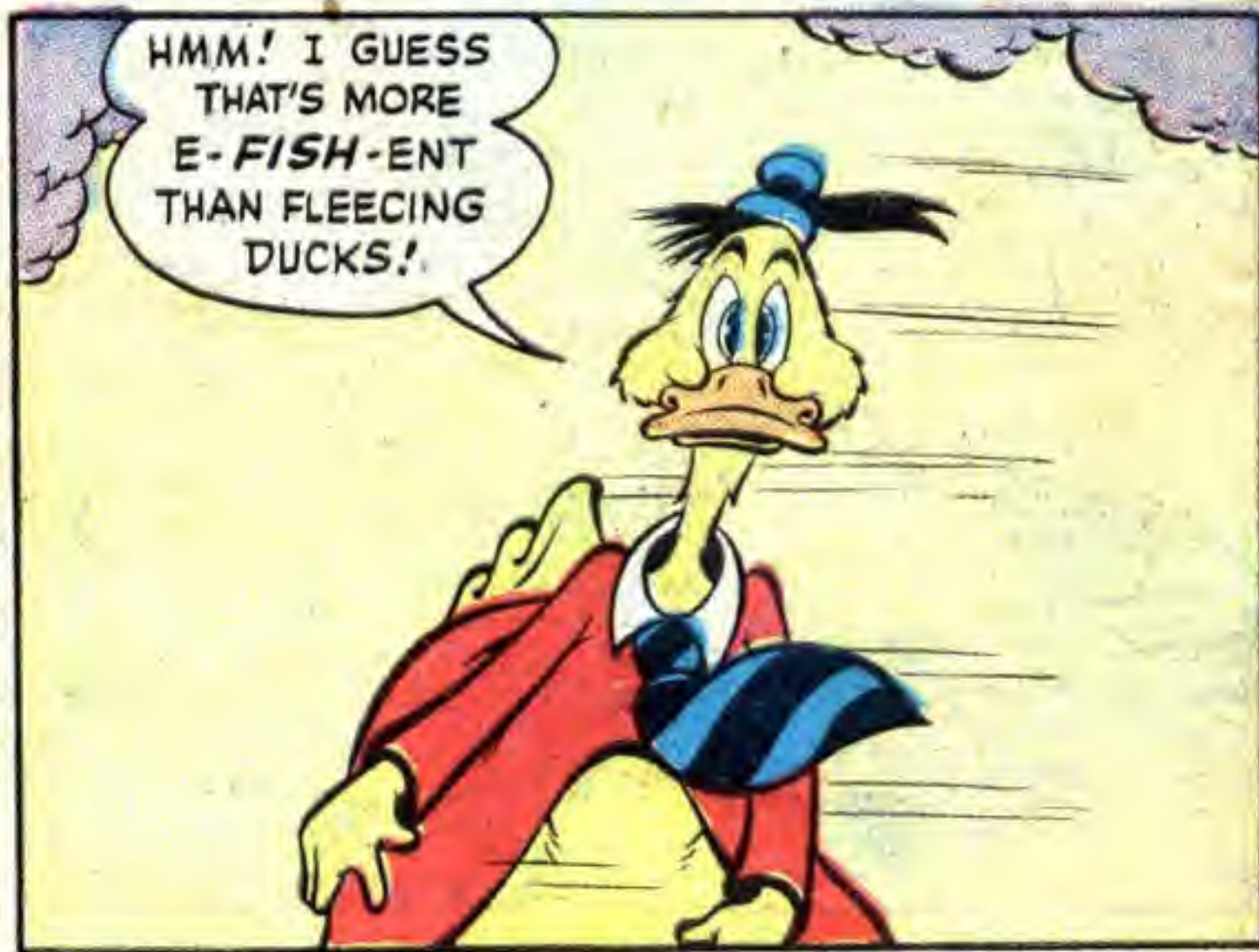


From the other way Comes the 29... To stop for water And right on time!

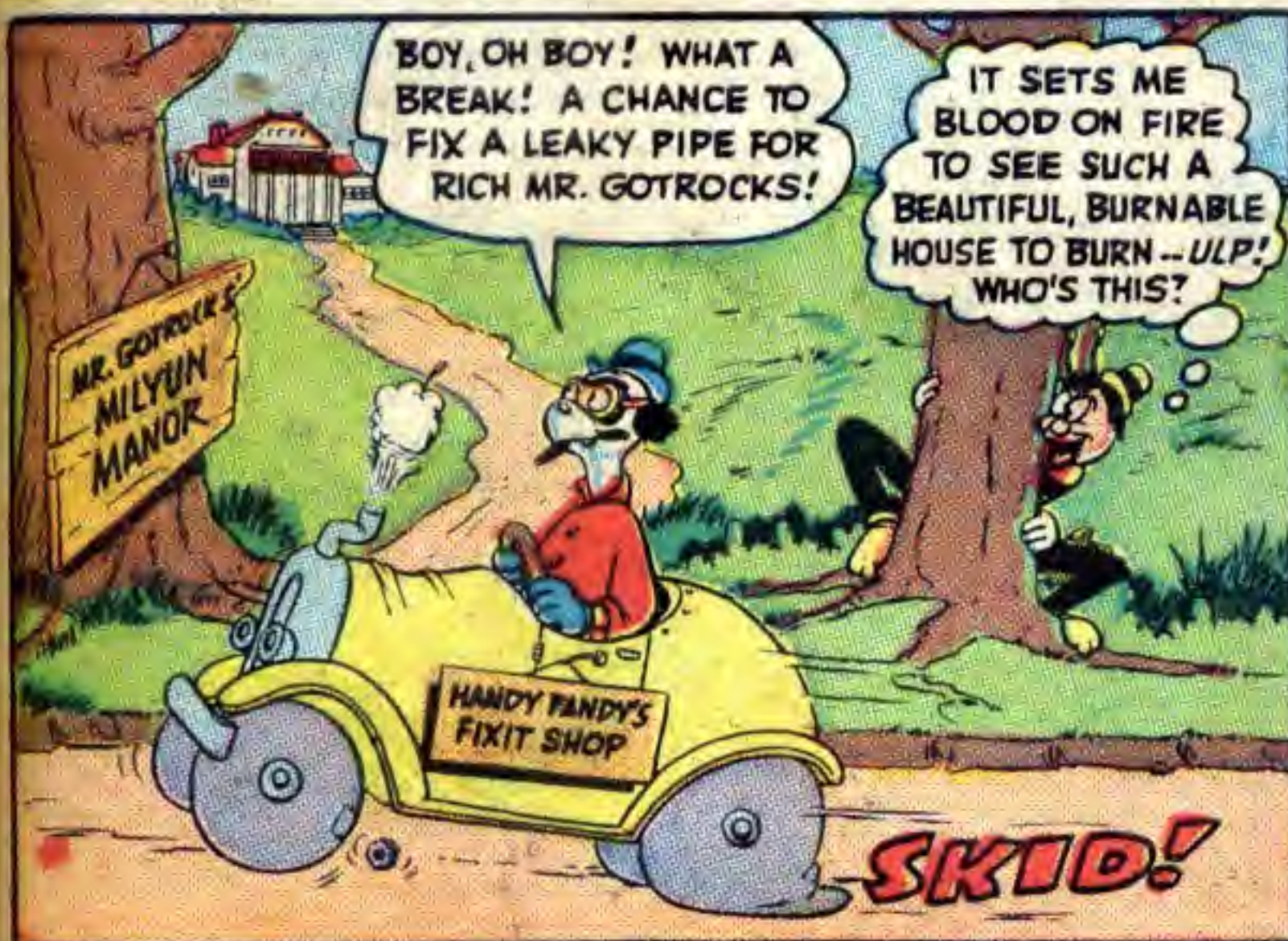


HMMM! WHAT HAPPENED? GUESS I FELL OFF! OH, WELL, THAT WON'T DISCOURAGE ME!





Handy Pandy



YOU DAMP DRIP! YOU SOAKED ME -- AND WHAT'S MORE, YOU PUT OUT MY FIRE BEFORE I STARTED IT!

DON'T GET SORE, 'MR. BLAZE! HERE'S A C-CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

GIVE IT HERE! DOES IT WORK?

WELL, IT HASN'T FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS....



... SO I THINK MAYBE IT'S BUSTED!

GRRR-R! WHY, YOU...!

BUT I'LL FIX THAT! THIS LIGHTER STILL MAKES A LITTLE SPARK! SO WE'LL TURN ON THE GAS STOVE!

THIS BETTER WORK!

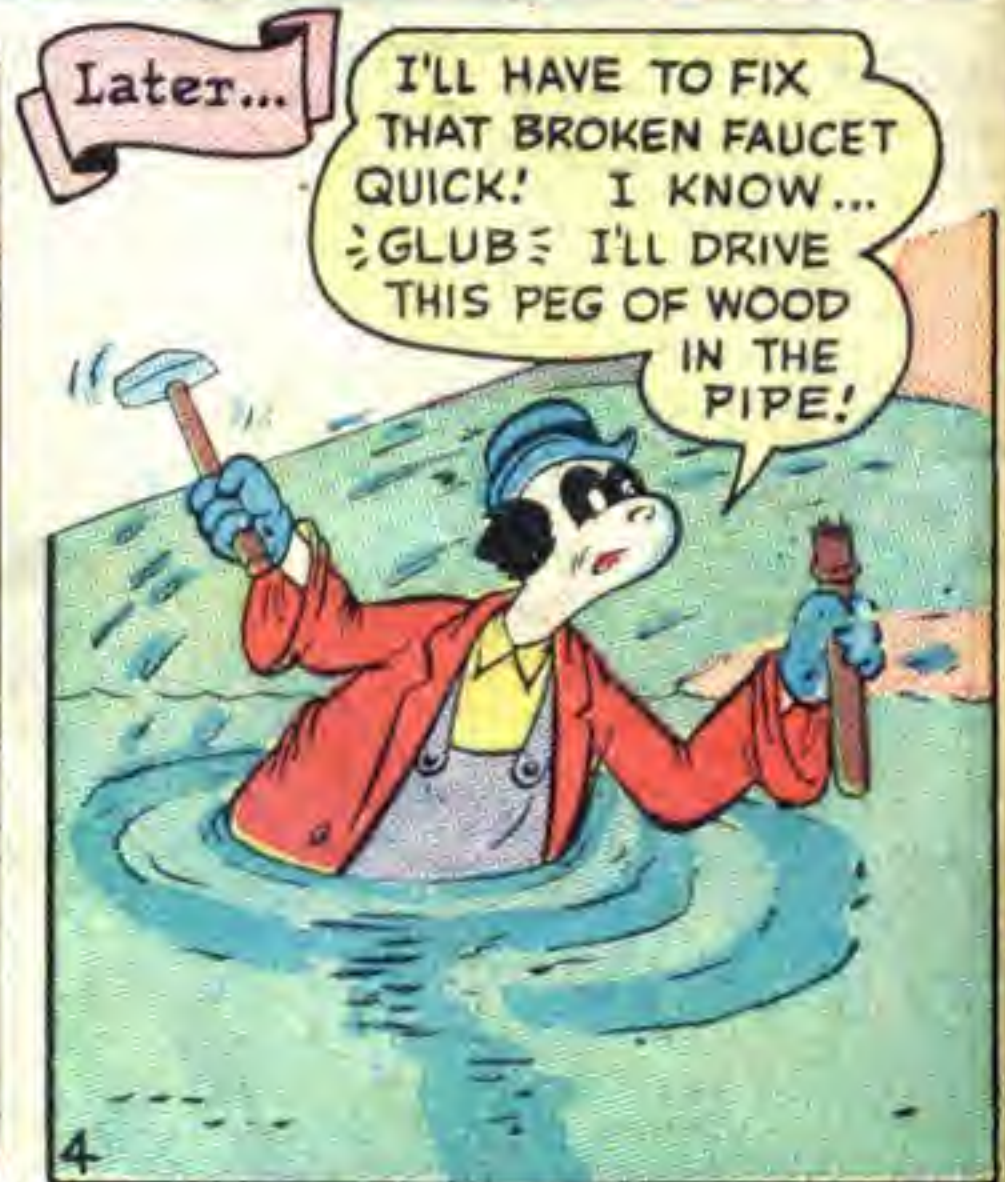
SURE IT WILL! I'LL TURN ON ALL THE BURNERS!



THERE! NOW JUST MAKE THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER SPARK OVER THE GAS! I CAN FIX EVERYTHING!

IF IT DON'T WORK, I'M GONNA FIX YOU!



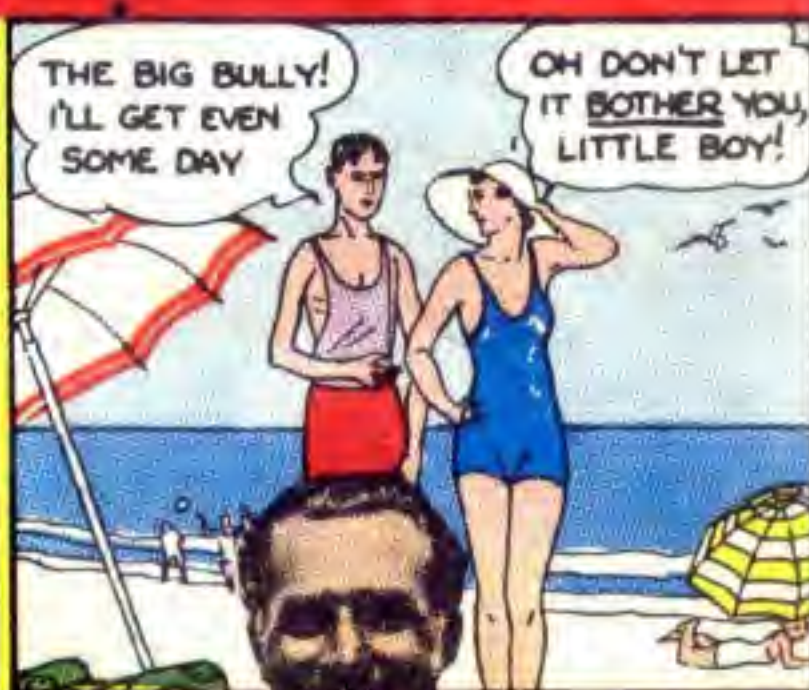






HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 J 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 J
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" in your home!

*What you can't see CAN hurt you
—says the National Safety Council*



1 About 5,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—13,500 fatally! Largest single cause, falling. A roller skate on a dark staircase, dim-catching obstruction, slippery object, these can be fatal "booby traps." To avoid them, carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas.



2 Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Linoleum or carpeting should be tacked down firmly. In attic or basement, pack all loose objects in nonflammable boxes stored against the walls. Don't rely on your knowledge of where obstacles are located—the next person may not know.



3 Know in advance where your fuse box, main water and gas valves, etc., are located; be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure these wires are so placed that you won't trip over them.

4 Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide **UCC** and Carbon Corporation

The registered
trade-mark
"Eveready" distin-
guishes products of
National Carbon
Company, Inc.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK



For
**EXTRA
POWER,
EXTRA LIFE
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**